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TWO VOICES.

BY W. B. W.

One wore a wreath about her head,
Her face, joy-lighted, sought the skies,
And seemed her voice so sweet and clear,
An angel's in a mortal guise,
And all pure things did list to her,
And all pure things did joy with her,
As she sang her song, and her song's refrain
Over, and over, and over again,
"I love him so, I love him so,
I love him so, I love him so."

One's shoulders bore a clinging cross,
Her face, shame-flushed, dropped to the earth,
And seemed her voice, as bitterest woe
To sobs and tears had given birth,
And all and things did weep with her:
As she moaned her song, and her song's refrain
Over, and over, and over again,
"I love him so, I love him so,
I love him so, I love him so."

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

SEVEN long years had elapsed since Barbara and Lillian Graham were parted. It was now on a soft, brilliant May evening that they met once more—perhaps for the last time.

Lady Joddrell kept her word; but with a cold, uncordial, and ungracious strictness that made her compliance a penance rather than a pleasure to her adopted child.

"Of course, Lily, I cannot have you compromised in the eyes of the household by allowing your sister to come to the house, and still less can I permit you to visit a servant in that of Colonel Forbes," she said. "I have, however, arranged to leave you for an hour at Madame Michelet's, and the girl must meet you there.

"I shall call for you at the end of an hour, and then I wish you to forget the whole thing as quickly as possible. Remember, I bargain that there shall be no annoyance to me in the matter, or I retract my consent. I will have no tears, no grace looks, and I do not wish to hear the girl's name even mentioned in my presence. There can be no further intercourse between you; and I wish you to dismiss from this time the remembrance that you have any relatives, any connections but those belonging to me. Do you understand me, Lily?"

"Yes," came reluctantly from Lily's pouting lips.

"And you will promise to obey my wishes my commands?"

There was a slight pause; then the girl's natural affections seemed to stir within her for a moment, and she knelt down caressingly by her beautiful mother's knee.

"Dearest mamma," she said "of course I like best to belong to you, and be happy, and petted, and gay, as you have accustomed me; but still, Barbara is my only sister, and I know she loves me so dearly. Will you not see her once before you insist on my giving her up? I will never see her without your knowing it; but I have no one but her that has a right to love me and care for me.

"Please see her, dear mamma, and then you can judge whether there can be any disgrace in acknowledging her. She used to be very clever, Mrs. Fenton said."

"My dear Lily, please don't bring on a nervous headache by referring to that horrible place," said Lady Joddrell. "I wish you to forget it as completely as if you had never known, never heard of it. I tell you, it is impossible that you can ever recognize a servant as your sister. She will be happy enough in her own way; but it would only make her discontented to have any intercourse with you, and seriously damage all your prospects in life. No man would marry you with such a stone around your neck."

"But cousin Philip admired her, and wished me to see her," said Lillian, blushing involuntarily at the unconscious admission as soon as the words had escaped her.

"Philip is a Quixotic, romantic boy at present," said Lady Joddrell. "It is all very well for him to take up philanthropic fancies at his age, but he would be very sorry for his wife to be known as the sister of Pauline Forbes's maid.

"However, I am not thinking of him; for, from what I hear, I think he is very much taken with Pauline; and very likely this goodness of his is just to please the young lady through her favorite maid. A creditable connection for Lady Joddrell's adopted daughter, truly!"

The tears rushed to Lily's blue eyes with contending feelings of girlish mortification, and lingering affection, and sense of right.

But a few soft caresses from the now smooth and gentle lady, a few promises of gifts and pleasures hitherto withheld, dried the shower, and shortly afterwards the little fairy was sporting gaily with her favorite Carlo, and chattering to the half-foreign governess with even more than her usual vivacity.

In a milliner's back drawing-room hastily cleared of its usual cargo of boxes and stands and female finery, those strongly-contrasted sisters met for the stipulated hour arranged by Lady Joddrell.

Barbara stood at the very threshold of the half-opened door, her face pale with intense excitement, her lips quivering, her hair pushed from her face, as if to quicken the senses of seeing and hearing, and her large eyes fixed intently on the door by which Lily would enter—Lily, her only, her beautiful, her idolized sister; the only creature on whom she had one claim for love and sympathy.

Oh, it was almost too great a joy to think of holding her in her arms again—of feeling her warm lips to hers—of hearing the well-remembered voice.

Barbara had not slept all the previous night from the intense excitement that had possessed her, and as the hour approached for the one great desire of her heart to be gratified, her whole face bore marks of the absence of rest for mind and body. The lines round the eyes were black and deep; the skin pale and sallow with exhaustion; the lips compressed till the blood left them, in the anxious suspense of the hour. Then the quiet, simple dress was no embellishment to hide these defects, though, thanks to Pauline's fancy, and Susan's kindly care, it was very superior to the former disfiguring uniform of the Asylum.

Altogether, the girl looked more like her old plain, childish self than she had done for many a long month; and even Philip Joddrell would scarcely have known her had he seen the young "Cecilia" of Mrs. Forbes's drawing-room at that very moment.

She had waited thus about a quarter of an hour, when the sound of wheels was heard dashing up to the house in Soho Square; the rattle of the steps, the loud knock at the door, and then the rustle of female dress as the light form sprang up the stairs to the apartment.

Barbara held by the door to support herself.

Her whole frame trembled with emotion which that step, that vague sound increased almost to agony.

Then the light touch of the handle warned her that the dear one was even at her very touch.

She relinquished her hold, and sprang to receive her lovely sister in her arms; but for a moment she paused: her dazzling appearance actually took her by surprise; for although she had of late been accustomed to Pauline's beauty and tasteful dress, still the old ideas of the Lily of her childhood had never left her, and she had not realized the change that the years from childhood to girlhood works in most, if not in all.

Moreover, Lady Joddrell had, as if in mockery or caprice, arrayed the lovely girl in the most exquisite toilette, under pretence of an after visit to some distinguished friends, and Lily was radiant in a fairy-like bonnet of lace and frills, and a floating dress of white embroidered muslin and blue silk mantle with deep white lace to soften yet more its delicate hue.

Lady Joddrell's triumph would have been complete could her nephew have seen the contrast between that elegant, beautiful girl, and the plainly-dressed, unattractive Barbara.

Truly, it might have been supposed by a superficial observer that the two girls stood there as maid and mistress, rather than as sisters.

"Lily, Lily, my darling; oh! I am so happy," cried Barbara, at last, as Lillian held out her arms and embraced her pale sister with a touch of natural and unaffected gratitude for the extreme love she saw in that troubled, agitated face.

"And how beautiful you are, my Lily. Ah, if mamma could see you now, would not her heart yearn over you! And have you thought of me?" she asked; "do you love me still, darling?"

"Dear Barbara can you doubt it?" said Lily, with a half-embarrassed movement, that seemed to have some alarm for the delicate toilette that her sister's clinging embrace somewhat endangered. "You know I could not help leaving you; and then, mamma was so kind, and it would have been wrong to fret and seem ungrateful, and make her angry, would it not?"

Barbara's quick eye had seen the movement, and she caught, too, with the sensitiveness of deep affection, the tinge of cold embarrassment in the words.

But she had come to satisfy her longing to see, to hear of Lily, not to reproach her, and she repressed the pang that shot through her heart.

"I know, I know, Lily, pet," she said; "but tell me, are you happy? Is Lady Joddrell kind to you? Do you ever wish you were with poor Barbara instead of in your splendid home?"

She had drawn Lillian to a large horse-hair couch that stood in the scantily furnished room, and sat looking at her, and holding her daintily gloved hand in hers, with the eager, hungry craving of a long-sickened, famished desire for love and sympathy.

"Oh yes, dear; very happy," replied Lily, glad to escape those home questions of the devoted sister.

"I could not help being happy, when I have everything I can wish except you to make me so; and I go out with mamma a good deal, and have all kinds of amusements at home. And she gives me such pretty things; look is not this a darling little watch and chain? It was my birthday present; you know I was sixteen yesterday."

"It is very elegant," said Barbara with a sigh.

"Ah! you would like one too, dear Barbara," said her sister. "Oh, how I wish you were like me, dear; and had all the pleasures and presents that are showered on me. I should be so happy then."

"Should you have known me?" asked Barbara, suddenly, as she caught Lily's wondering, questioning look.

"Oh yes; at least, I think so," she replied. "Your eyes are the same dear, great searching eyes as ever, and I don't think your mouth is altered except that it looks smaller and prettier, and your teeth are so white and regular. Yes, I am sure you would be quite pretty, if you were——"

She stopped, feeling the unkindness of the words, "better dressed" which had been on her lips.

"Oh, I did not mean that," said Barbara, impatiently; "I know I am as plain as ever; I meant, had you any clear remembrance of me, dearest, so as to trace my ugly face after so many years? I could have fancied you exactly, Lily."

"I believe I could have painted a picture of you, without seeing you. My darling, we shall not be so long separated again. I could not wait so long without seeing your sweet face, Lily.

The color suffused Lily's fair, delicate skin till it was a bright carmine, and her eyes fell before Barbara's intense gaze.

"I am very unhappy about it dear," said Lillian, "and I do hope something will happen to alter your position, and then I am sure mamma would consent, for she is so kind about everything else; only, you see, it is so unfortunate you are with Colonel Forbes, because mamma has just been introduced to the family, and I believe she wants me to be great friends with Pauline; and so you see——"

Lily hesitated; for there was a look in Barbara's face that she had never seen there before—a proud, passionate light in the eye; a scornful turn in the well-shaped, though large mouth.

"Dearest Barbara," resumed Lily, "don't look so, it frightens me; and you know it is not my fault. I am so sorry, so unhappy about it; but I am afraid that we must bear it at present.

"Mamma would make me promise not to ask her again, or even complain about it, and I did so want to see you, dear, that I could not help it. You are not angry with me, dear?"

"Promise not to ask what, Lily?" said Barbara, in a strange, calm tone. "Let me hear it all. I can bear everything now."

"Why, it is only what we have had for so many years, dear," said Lily, half fretfully for the very idea of tears, or sorrow, or reproaches, was revolting to her bright existence, as snow and frost to a sun-nurtured Italian.

"You know, when mamma took me away she said we should get accustomed to be separate; and she says a great many brothers and sisters very seldom see each other, even when there is no particular reason for it."

"You mean that we are not to meet again, Lily," said Barbara, and her cheeks were pale, and her hands clasped each other in unconscious agony.

"Only for the present, dear," replied Lily; "you know so many things may happen. You may have some good fortune, or I may be married, and then you shall come as often as you like, and stay with me a long time. Why, it was Philip that persuaded mamma to let me see you now."

"And not you then, Lily," said Barbara.

"Oh yes; of course I begged too," replied Lily; "but mamma will do anything Philip wishes. You are very suspicious and strange, dear; I don't know how to please you."

"Am I?" said Barbara; I did not mean it, Lily. I would not be unkind the only time we are to meet; but it is very hard to bear," she added, and her voice sunk to a hoarse, suppressed tone.

"But you are not angry," said Lily; "you don't blame me dear?"

Barbara's heart sunk; she saw the real, though unconscious selfishness of the shrinking from blame, while yet too weak to brave all for the right and true; but she would not confess it even to herself, and gazed on the lovely, pleading face with a heart breaking with the intensity of her love and sorrow.

"Heaven forbid it, my darling, my all, my cherished Lily!" she exclaimed, passionately, while the suppressed tears choked in her voice.

"But from this hour our paths are different in all things; and as you say, we can bear what has been borne without sinking altogether. I suppose it takes a great deal to break one's heart, especially when one is young."

"Barbara, it is cruel to talk so," said the petted beauty, with a little sob. "I tell you again, I will alter it as soon as I can, and you ought not to try to make me miserable."

"You are right, Lily," said Barbara, calmly; "I am wrong. It is not your fault; it is your——no, I will not say one word to you, or spoil your happiness. I am selfish, wicked, to expect you to feel as I do: a great gulf is between us, that we cannot pass."

"No, no, dear, don't say so; there are so many things that may happen," said Lily, thankful to have escaped the dreaded scene. "You might get quite high and grand in the world, or I may be my own mistress, and——"

"It is not that I meant," said Barbara, sadly; "it is a worse, a more hopeless gulf than that. But I will not complain, Lily, since you are happy and safe, and sheltered from trouble."

"Oh, Barbara, the hour is gone," said Lily, glancing at her beautiful little jewelled repeater; "mamma will send for me directly, and then I must not stay a minute. See, I have got this little ring for you, dear; you must wear it for my sake, and hope for happier days. There, don't cry, or I shall be silly too, and vex mamma. You know you were always the bravest."

Barbara remembered the day when she had once before crushed her own grief and tears for Lily's sake; but how different were her feelings then! The lovely, clinging, weeping child, had to be supported and calmed, and cheered in her innocent, helpless grief; now, it was to spare her a pain, not shared, but rather dreaded as a reproach that the same effort was needed. Barbara felt all this, knew it intuitively, and a cold, hard, resentful feeling came over her—not resentment at Lily, but a strange bitter idea that she alone was singled out for misfortune and sorrow.

"Darling Barbara," said Lily, holding out her arms with her own childlike, loving grace, "be comforted! It will not be always so; and I won't ever forget you. And mamma cannot be angry if you write to let me know where you are; or if you send a letter to Mary Johnson, my maid, no one will know, except her, and she will do anything for me."

"Lily, Lily, do you think I would descend or let you descend to deceit—to a clandestine letter to my own sister? Never, never!" she exclaimed.

"No, I will bear my burden alone, as I best may. God for ever bless and watch over you Lily, and keep you from sorrow and from wrong!"

Barbara clasped her sister in her arms, and pressed her lips on her ruby mouth, as if her life would go out with that convulsive embrace.

The sound of carriage wheels startled Lily from this fond sister's last kiss, and she started with a half-relieved, half-frightened look.

"I must go, darling," she said. "God bless you! I am sure you will be happy some day. You deserve it more than I do. There, good-bye, good-bye, dear, dear Barbara! Don't make me cry. I dare not stay a minute."

Barbara released her clinging hold, and tearless, motionless, half-stunned by the terrible grief, she saw the bright vision disappear.

Then she sunk on the couch, and groaned in the very agony and wild desolation of her heart, that was too deep for tears. It was not the parting; she had lived long years without sight or interview with her idolized sister; it was not the grief that had been borne before, and could be borne again; it was the wretched consciousness that she had lavished her idolatry on a creature unworthy of the devotion, whose nature was too shallow, too selfish, too spoiled by the world's luxury and vanity, to comprehend or return the deep, intense affection of one who lived for others.

Lily had forgotten the ties of blood, the fond associations of early years, and shrunk from the contact, with the slightest touch of aught that could disturb or shake the bright sunshine of her existence.

Barbara could have lived for years in a distant land, in different climes, and yet have felt that Lily was still her sister, might still be restored to her, and looked forward with hope and happiness to that distant bliss. Now she had indeed lost her for ever.

Their natures, their very ideas, were incomprehensible to each other, and from henceforth they must be apart.

Barbara was alone in the wild world. The sister who had been nursed on the same knees, shared the same blood from infancy, had at last alienated herself from her, and now what was there for her but to die?

"If you please, miss, madame wants the room, if you are ready," said a smart-looking young damsel, who had entered unobserved by the lone girl.

"Has any one come for me?" asked Barbara, drearily.

"Not that I know of miss; but we have to bring so many things into this room; and if you will please walk down stairs, and wait there."

Barbara mechanically obeyed.

She had been brought to the house under the direction of a servant, who had some errands to perform before calling to conduct the young inexperienced girl through the unknown streets; but he had promised to return in less than an hour, and now poor Barbara found that nearly double that time had elapsed since he had last left her.

It was her special duty to attend Pauline at the school-room tea, and then help her to prepare her lessons for her masters, before going to dress for her appearance in the drawing-room, and she had been strictly enjoined to be at home at the stipulated time, as Pauline had an especially difficult task to practice for her music master on the morrow.

Poor Barbara was equally alarmed to stay or to venture out alone; but at last the conviction that the servant must have forgotten her gave her courage; so, timidly inquiring her way, she left the house with a very imperfect idea, from the carelessly given directions, how she was to proceed to Kensington Palace Gardens, and feeling a strange, bewildered terror as she was pushed and jostled by the crowd of pedestrians.

It was all new to Barbara as it would have been to Lily or to Pauline, for her life in the asylum and at the Forbeses had kept her as completely form any walks in the crowded thoroughfares of London as the most petted daughter of luxury and wealth. She walked on, in the direction indicated by the servant who let her out from Madame Michels's house, and, as she believed, took the right turning when she arrived at the end of the square.

But, as she went on, and no familiar name or point answered to the vague directions of the domestic, she began to feel alarmed, and glanced anxiously around, to see which of the streets before her would appear the most likely to answer to the description she had received.

It was the busy spot, bewildering even for the most experienced, where the streets meet at the entrance of Piccadilly, and Barbara stood gazing at the thick mass of carriages, with a hopeless bewilderment as to the right course.

She went on, however, of course in precisely the contrary direction to that she ought to have taken, and soon arrived at the entrance to the aymarket now in the height of the long day's concourse and business.

Here she stood in the tolerable certainty that she was completely mistaken in her way, and an equal incapacity for retrieving her error.

If she returned to the point from which she started, the same perplexity and ignorance of her right road would lead her to the same unlucky and fatal mistake.

The time was fast going on, and the terror of Pauline and Mrs. Forbes was even more formidably before her eyes than her lost and helpless state; at last the idea occurred to her of asking some one to direct her; but, naturally shy, and unused to any such dependence on strangers, she shrunk from thus boldly accosting a passer by.

As minutes went on, however, and the chime of St. James's warned her of the rapid flight of the hours, she mustered courage, and ventured to ask of a middle-aged woman if she could direct her to Kensington Palace Gardens.

"I am a stranger from the country, my dear," was the reply.

Again Barbara had her ordeal to repeat, and this time she chose a thin, worn-looking female, who, even to her inexperience, bore "London" stamped on every feature and movement.

"Can't say, I'm sure," was the vague answer; and the female hurried on her apparently pressing errand.

Poor Barbara shrank again to the shelter of a large doorway, and began to consider the propriety of choosing one of the other sex for her inquiries, as the females she had accosted had proved so useless.

But, too timid to address the usual run of passers by, she chose a quietly-dressed, elderly individual sauntering down the pavement with no especial object, as it seemed, but gazing round him at everybody and everything.

"Please, sir, is that the way to Kensington Palace Gardens?" she asked attracting his attention by a timid touch on his arm.

"Oh, yes," he replied, laughingly; "shall I go a little way with you?"

Barbara made a step forward, but something in his glance made her pause and shrink back undecided, though the offer seemed so kind and tempting.

"What's the matter?" he asked more gravely, with a glance at the now flushed face. "I only made you a friendly offer of help, young lady, and if you are squeamish, you had better lose yourself at your leisure."

"Oh no, no; I beg pardon, but I am so strange to London," she said, timidly, "at least, by myself, and I did not like to trouble you."

"'Tis no trouble," said he; "I'm going that way, and I'll put you in the right road. I say," he added, turning to a lad that stood near them, waiting to cross, "is not this the way to Kensington Palace Gardens?"

"Yes, if you go far enough," laughed the lad, running away among the labyrinth of carriages.

"Thank you, sir," said Barbara, whose suspicions were now fully roused; "but I would rather not trouble you," she added, turning from him towards the entrance to St. James Park, in her anxiety to get away from him.

The man's keen, quick eyes followed her with a critical look that seemed to scan and appreciate the well-formed limbs, and the light movements which no agitation could deprive of a natural grace.

He paused a moment, and then quickly followed her.

Barbara heard his approaching step, looked suddenly round, and then sprang forward, with a terrified haste, that sent her in collision with a gentleman who was walking from the park.

Barbara was nearly thrown down by the shock, and the involuntary cause of the mischief caught her in his arms just as her pursuer came up.

"Are you acquainted with this young lady?" asked the stranger, sternly, as the man suddenly stopped, with a somewhat abashed air.

"No," said Barbara, "I only asked him my way, and he followed me. Please send him away."

"You are a scoundrel, sir, and richly deserve a horsewhipping," said a stern voice that made the girl look up. "Begone, and beware on whom you play those rascally tricks for the future."

The man walked off with a half-amused, half-defiant glance, that was repeated as his eyes caught a full view of the speaker. He stopped at the first corner from whence he could see without being observed, and watched the further proceedings of the pair with a keen, half-exulting look.

"I'm not deceived," he said; "I am not wrong, I'm certain, and yet it is many a year since I saw him. He is but little changed, and those features are too indelibly printed on my memory for mistake."

Meanwhile Barbara's champion was looking with great curiosity and perplexity on her agitated face.

"I am afraid you are sadly frightened," he said; "but you are quite safe now. Where do you wish to go? I will take care of you to your destination, if it is not very far. You need not distrust me."

"Oh no, I could not. I know you will take care of me," replied Barbara, "only it is so much trouble, and I——"

"Why are you so sure I shall take care of you?" he said, smilingly. "I seem to remember your face, and yet I cannot tell where I have met you before. Do you know me, that you have more faith in me than in the individual who is still eyeing us?"

"Yes," she replied, shyly—"you are Mr. Ashley."

"And who are you?', he asked. "I think I ought to know, but yet I cannot recall you completely to my memory."

"I am the orphan at the Asylum that you kindly took under your patronage," she replied, timidly. "You ordered me to have some lessons in music, and though I have never yet been able to thank you, I have always been very grateful."

"Ha, I remember now," said he—"you are the sister of my so-called niece, pretty Lily. Why did you not introduce yourself at once?"

The blood rushed over her expressive face, and her eyes were depressed under his quick but kindly look.

"I did not like to do so. I thought you would not remember the relationship," she said, sadly. "Lily and I are so completely separate now, I dare hardly call her 'sister.'"

The word burst out from the bitter, overcharged young heart—she could not restrain it—but the moment after she repented having exposed the secret sorrow of her heart to a stranger, and that stranger the brother of Lady Joddrell.

Sidney read the expressive face with the intuitive quickness of long experience, and perhaps a kindred nature to the deep, intense temperament of the young, friendless unattractive girl, but he took no notice of the word at that moment, and his next question was one which was quite foreign to the last.

"Where are you now?" he asked—"at the Asylum still?"

"Oh no. I have been employed by Mrs. Forbes as an attendant on her daughter, for nearly a year," she replied; "and I must return as quickly as I can. They will be angry with me, but I lost my way, and the servant I suppose, forgot me; so I set off alone. It is very late, I'm afraid," she added and her anxious eyes looked tearfully up into Mr. Ashley's face.

"Is Mrs. Forbes so hard a task-mistress?" he asked.

"I do not complain," said Barbara. "It is my duty to obey her orders."

"And what are your duties?" he said quickly.

"To do what Miss Forbes wishes," was the short reply.

"Humph! a very difficult task," said Sidney. "People don't always know what they wish. Are you happy?"

The tears rushed to her large eyes, but they did not fall, and she repeated, "I said I did not complain."

"Proud as ever!" he said, with a half-amused, half-sad smile. "Yes, I remember you of old—a self-concentrated, reliant oddity—and you don't seem much improved. Does Lady Joddrell know how you are placed?"

"I have just parted with my sister for ever," she replied in a tone of such hopeless, calm despair, that it spoke more forcibly than torrents of tears.

"Come," said Sidney, gently, "let us remedy one evil before we talk of another. I will take you to your home, and we will speak of Lily as we go."

He called a cab as he spoke, and handed Barbara into it, with as much courtesy as if she had been the fair, graceful Lily, instead of her humble self.

"And now," said he, "what do you mean by 'for ever?' Do you know that, at your age such words are almost mockery—idle exaggeration?"

"Perhaps," said Barbara, "but not with me."

"Do you pretend to read the future?" he asked. "Death alone can make such a parting final."

"Yes, there is a death of the feelings of the mind," said Barbara, "that is more hopeless still, more hard to bear.

"And you, child that you are, understand this?" he said. "That is strange indeed. But what do you mean by a living mental death?"

Barbara looked at him with a doubtful, hesitating air.

It was foreign to her nature to unfold her secret heart to others; but there was something that irresistibly attracted her in his tone and look.

"Lillian and I are from henceforth as strangers," she replied, calmly. "Her tastes, life, feelings, affections, are elsewhere. I have lost my sister and she was my all."

"Poor child!" he said, gently. "But be comforted; the nature that has proved so plastic could never have been kin to yours; and it is better to know the truth early—to realise the value of those on whom we have looked as our hearts treasures—that to trust, and then be deceived. And that one interview told you all this?"

"Yes, all," she replied.

"Are you not too exacting—too sensitive, and thus working your own misery?" he asked.

"I can feel that you understand me," she said, "and I can tell that Lillian, beautiful and beloved as she is feels that my love is oppressive, unintelligible to her. Do you think I can be deceived where the heart speaks?"

"Have you imagined all this, or read, or heard such deep philosophy, my little *protegee?*" he said, averting his head from her touching, sad gaze.

"I hardly know," she replied. "I often read books that seem to speak to me and I can feel they are true, because they express my own thoughts and fancies in better language and clearer explanations than I could give."

"Where do you get these books?" he asked.

"Colonel Forbes has a great many," she replied, "and I often read them when I am left alone; and I hear the masters and the governess explaining many things to Miss Forbes."

"And do you like music as you did when I found you in the wood as a child, singing so blithely?" was his next inquiry.

"Can you doubt it?" she said, eagerly, her accent of grief lightened for the moment by the rare delight of meeting sympathy and interest in her dearest pursuits. "Does any one ever change in such tastes as these?"

"I know not; I cannot tell you, child," he said abruptly. "There are griefs that make all things valueless and vapid and unprofitable, but not at your age—not such innocent grief as yours.

"But we are at your home now; I shall see Mrs. Forbes, and explain my meeting with you, so do not fear anything from her. Farewell! we shall meet again; perhaps before long.

"Remember my words, and be sure there are some who are far more pitiably situated than yourself."

Barbara sprang eagerly from the cab, and ran up the stairs to her own room, with a vague apprehension of the bitter reproaches that would be lavished on her by the wayward Pauline, whose slightest caprice could never brook disappointment.

She hastily threw off her bonnet and mantle, and arranging her hair in the quickest possible fashion, hastened to Pauline's dressing-room.

It was vacant, and she proceeded to the schoolroom, in some surprise at the diligence which could keep the fair heiress so long at her studies, which she generally ignored at her pleasure.

The soft light of a declining sun was obscured by the rose-colored blinds, and for a few moments Barbara thought no one was in the apartment, but a second glance revealed the half-dozing figure of the governess, seated in the luxurious chair appropriated to her use.

"Is Miss Forbes waiting for me, Miss Merton?" she asked, fearfully. "I lost my way, or I should have been at home an hour since. I am so very sorry, but I could not help it."

"Well, it is fortunate it is no worse, for I am afraid Miss Forbes would never have pardoned such a liberty," said Miss Merton half-kindly, half-stiffly. "But she is otherwise engaged. Her cousin, Sir Ernest Forbes, has arrived unexpectedly from the Continent, and she is unable to attend to her usual pursuits for the present. Besides, some ladies have been here who especially wished to see her, and I only heard the carriage drive off a quarter of an hour since. I think it was Lady Joddrell."

Poor Barbara trembled. What an escape from a meeting that would have crushed her to the dust! She almost blessed the insulting prosecutor who had spared her the agony of such a mortification.

Miss Merton here left the room; and free and unfettered to indulge her own sad fancies, Barbara began the beautiful "*In questa tomba obscura*," which perhaps both displayed her magnificent voice and expressed the sad hopeless feelings of her sick heart, more than any composition she could have selected.

The "*Ingrata, Ingrata*," was given in tones that seemed to come in their plaintive richness from a sadly broken, outraged heart, which no schooling could have ever taught.

As she finished, a slight murmur of applause startled her, and looking round she saw, to her surprise, a young man, a perfect stranger to her, standing behind her chair, and evidently in rapt attention to her song. He was about twenty-two years of age, fair almost as a woman, but tall and manly in figure, and with features that redeemed his face from any charge of effeminacy. The large prominent eyes, and the decided formation of the other features, gave a strength

and even maturity of expression, though a physiognomist might have detected some sign of indecision and weakness in the changing, half-nervous look that was at times visible in the eyes.

But as Barbara turned round, those eyes expressed only intense enjoyment and admiration, and she colored deeply under the unwonted gaze.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a winning smile, that changed the whole expression of his face.

"I heard a voice that I thought must be my cousin's, singing my favorite air; and knowing that this room was exclusively hers in former days, I ventured in, and once here, I could not help staying. You sing that air perfectly—delightfully. I wonder whether Pauline sings as well as you do."

"I was merely practicing till Miss Forbes wanted me," said Barbara, who had now recovered her self-possession, and rose from the piano. "May I," she added, "inform her you are here?"

"You are in a great hurry to leave me," said the young man, smilingly; "and, moreover, I do not quite see how you can announce a person whose name you do not know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Danger.

BY HENRY FRITH.

BLANCHE usually spent her evenings alone of late, unless some of her old-time friends dropped in for an hour or so, so that to-night, sitting all by herself in the dainty little sitting-room, just off the nursery, where baby Theo was sleeping in her cradle, she was no more lonesome than usual.

And yet there were traces of tears on her face, for somehow she had been thinking it all over, and it seemed to her very strange and pitiful that, before she had two years married, her husband should prefer to leave her alone every evening as regularly as evening came.

Theo St. Guest was a handsome fellow, and Blanche had loved him with all her heart and soul when she married him.

She was so proud, and justly proud of him, and they had begun their new life under no dulness on their happiness.

Then baby came—so like handsome father, with his curling brown hair, and bright hazel eyes, and beautiful mouth, that Blanche, in a little ecstasy, had said there was but one name in the world for her—Theo—for her papa, and after that—very, very gradually, the shadow began to fall on the lovely home.

Sitting to-night in her sitting-room, making such a fair picture in her pink lawn dress, with her fair golden hair rippling off her forehead, her dark eyes bright with unshed tears, Blanche was busy thinking it all over, with a desperate little ache in her heart.

"He has not spent one evening home with me since baby Theo was three months old. Every night, or regularly as night comes, he says he must go back to the office—and he never used to go."

Her lovely mouth quivered with the distressing thoughts of her heart, and leaned her head back against the cushions, the tears dropping slowly, great diamond drops.

"Before we were married he often used to tell me he neglected his business many a time to be with me, and now——"

A little despairing look gloomed over her face.

"Now—he goes out every evening, not knowing or caring how I feel, or how I get along."

A little lusty cry from the blue silk and lace-canopied crib in the nursery momentarily scattered her thoughts, as she went and took the baby up in her loving arms, and cooed and hushed it, with its velvety cheek against her white breast.

"Mother's little comfort," she thought, "but what a sad difference in everything your coming has made, little Theo.

"Before I was gay, and strong and well, and could ride and dance, and go wherever I chose without stopping to consider if it would hurt me.

"But now, baby mine, it is all so changed and papa doesn't love me any more because I cannot amuse and entertain him.

"If it were he who was weak and wretched, and suffering in any way for my sake, I would love him better than ever; but, men are—men."

A tear, dropped on baby's beautiful head, and just that minute a maid stepped quietly in with a card for Mrs. St. Guest, that bore a name that sent a swift little flush all over her face—Ransom Pierce, to whom she had been engaged for a year, whom she had never seen since they parted at the time of the misunderstanding that resulted so fatefully.

She laid baby carefully down in its blue and white nest, before she turned to the girl.

"You may stay by Miss Theo, Annie, until I came back."

Then she went into her dressing-room, and stood a moment in indecision.

Should she go down? Ought she to go down?

For a second the question came to her, then, as suddenly, the ridiculousness of questioning her duty as a lady and a hostess occurred to her, and, not knowing the brief hesitation was the warning voice of her good angel, this lonely, heart-sore little woman went down-stairs to see Ransom Pierce, who, it seemed, had been Fate-ordered to choose this especial time for seeing her.

She was more delicately lovely than ever, and a great throb of the old love thrilled all through him as she entered the parlor, in her sweet, grave way he remembered so well.

While he—with his eager face, his reverential manner, somehow made her feel that, after all, she was not wholly deserted by friends.

He took her hand in his, and looked straight down in her eyes.

"When I saw you last I did not expect to meet you the next time like this. But if you are happy——"

She smiled—thoroughly loyal little husband lover that she was.

"Oh, yes, indeed—and very glad to see you, Ransom.

"I was just a little lonely to-night, for Mr. St. Guest is busy at his office quite often now."

That was the keynote to all that followed—those few innocent words of hers, on the subject lying nearest her heart, told Ransom Pierce the whole story, and he exerted himself as he had not done in many a day to make himself pleasant to this woman, who had once thought she loved him.

And he succeeded in it.

It was—oh, pity!—it was quite a novelty to Blanche to enjoy an evening, and she brightened and bloomed under the excitement, so that when he went away, in an hour's time, Mr. Pierce ventured to take her hand in a close clasp, and ask her if he might be permitted to do what he could towards enlivening her lonesome hours.

And in pure, glad gratitude she said *yes*.

And in one week's time she discovered that instead of gratitude being the motive, it was a spirit of coquetry suddenly developed in her, whose object was—not to reward this friend, but to punish her husband.

Only St. Guest would not be punished. Once or twice he said he was sorry he was obliged to leave her alone so much, but that it would not always be so, he hoped.

Every day he kissed her, and said he was so, so sorry she did not feel well—but, all the same, as soon as dinner was over, and Theo-girl had had her romp with him, he took his departure, and Blanche knew it would be twelve, maybe one, o'clock before he would come in.

At the first, Blanche had been unable to sleep, knowing he was away, but latterly, she was beginning to be so indifferent, that when at length he did come, he found her sleeping.

"That is right," he would say to her, next morning, and Blanche would smile frigidly, and wish she only could do something—anything, almost, to pique him into the old attention.

In these days, when Ransom Pierce came often, always so fascinating, and kind, and devoted, Blanche St. Guest did not know whether she was more miserable or glad, until one special day, when an October sun was shining brightly, almost warmly, and she was sitting in her room, just where her husband had left her two days before, when he kissed her good-bye, and told her he would not be home for two days, but to try and not be lonesome while he was gone if she could help it.

It had been the bitterest trial for her to endure—this long absence from him, and all the more, as he offered no explanatory word as to why he was going.

"He has ceased to care for me—I know that," she had tortured herself with thinking all those miserable hours.

"He bids me not to be lonesome—'if I can help it,'—it is a shame I ever married him, to be neglected so!"

And for the first time, Blanche felt a mutinous uprising in her heart for her husband to whom she would have so gladly given all her love and confidence—only he did not want it!

At that very moment Ransom Pierce came in, just as Satan's own always stops in at the right moment.

"What—not in the Slough of Despond this beautiful day?" he said, as she went in the parlor.

Then, going up to her, and extending his hand, he looked down in her eyes as no man but a husband or a lover has the right to look.

"What is the matter, Blanche? Is it anything I can relieve?"

His low, caressing tones were infinitely soothing to her overstrained nerves, and the tears came to her eyes.

"I am a little lonely, only. Theo has been gone two days——"

"Two days—away from you! Blanche, Blanche, how could he or any man leave you so long? If I had you for my wife—oh, my darling, why——"

A little gasp of amazed horror was on her lips—Ransom talking so to her—to her!

He, in his blind passion, went on—

"I cannot bear to see you so unhappy—Blanche!

"I have watched you—I know just how it is—St. Guest is not worthy of you——"

"Allow me to say I differ with you, Pierce, and to suggest that you are both insulting and terrifying my wife.

"I think we can excuse you—can't we Blanche?"

Blanche had flown to her husband's arms, as he entered the room just in time to hear Pierce's words, and to see the horror on his wife's face, as the crumbling edge of the precipice suddenly became visible to her.

There were few words, very few, between the two men, and then when Pierce had gone, never to cross their threshold again, St. Guest took his wife in his arms.

"You have been so cold, so cruel of late, dear," he said, "that I was almost afraid to venture on any demonstration. But may I not make my peace with you now?"

She lay sobbing, with her head on his breast.

"You have left me so much alone, you made me think you had grown tired of me, Theo," she said, between her sobs.

"It was for your own sake," he explained, tenderly.

"I may have been to blame for keeping my plans a secret from you, but I wanted to surprise you, Blanche.

"If I have seemed cold to you Heaven knows it was because I thought you preferred to keep aloof from me. But I was mistaken, was I, darling?"

"Oh Theo, Theo, you don't know how much I love you!"

He kissed her tenderly.

"You will never blame me for—for what he said?" she asked, almost timidly.

"We will never think about it. You are my wife, Blanche—if I could not trust you, you never would have been.

"Come here, dear," and the gravity in his tone changed to gay pleasantness, as he arose, and linked her arm in his, and escorted her to the window, where, at the door, stood an exquisite basket-phaeton, with blue-lined and silk-fringed canopy top, a pair of beautiful coal-black ponies, glittering harness, and gay robes.

"Why I worked over hours, my darling," he said.

"These are for you, a gift from me to my little girl's mother, who has sacrificed so much of her health and strength in giving me my child.

"Will you accept it, wife?"

She threw her arms around his neck, kissing him over and over.

"Oh, how wicked I have been, how unworthy I am of the least of your goodness!

"Theo, darling, I will never doubt you again!"

He pushed her hair off her white brow, and looked gravely in her tearful, penitent, happy eyes.

"Did you doubt me, Blanche? Then, there was danger. But—remember this, dear—never again doubt, or fear, or question my love for you."

And she never did.

EXECUTIONS IN CHINA.—Recently occurred the annual execution day in China, when seven prisoners were decapitated. This does not represent the sum total who suffer the capital sentence during the year, for all burglars and highwaymen are speedily put out of the way. The ordinary criminals only are reserved for a day especially appointed, shortly before the winter solstice. There are some curious customs in connection with these executions. The night before those unhappy men are brought to die, a regular jollification takes place within the gloomy precincts of the prison. The doomed men are loosed from their chains, and have a feast spread before them, with as much wine and meat, &c., as they desire. The feasting goes on all through the night, and it is not until the time of the starting of the procession draws near that the shackles are put on. At the appointed hour each criminal is put into a cart from which the cushions and the cloth covering has been removed, so that the unhappy man looks as if he were in a cage on wheels. His appearance shows that however he may have fared the previous night, his general prison fare has not been over-abundant. The road to the execution ground is through a particular gate. Through this gate the Emperor never passes. From the gate to the ground the distance is two-thirds of a mile. About midway there is a wine-shop, which for the past two hundred years has supplied the criminals with as much spirit as they like to drink; so that most of them are in a state of intoxication when the fatal moment arrives. One very particular system is that all the men conveyed to this place are not executed, three or four out of ten are taken back to the prison to bear a part in a similar procession the next year. When the men leave the prison not one knows whether he will be beheaded or not. Of those thus reprieved, eight out of ten will be reprieved the following year, after which the sentence will be commuted into banishment. If the man escapes for one year only, it is thought to be an act of imperial grace. A list of those executed during the year, and of their crimes, is burned by the Emperor on the altar of Heaven at the winter solstice. He is thus supposed to inform Heaven of the manner in which he has used its delegated authority.

THE DOGS OF SOLOMON ISLANDS.—I cannot say whether there was a native breed of dogs originally in the Solomon Islands or not, but I have never seen such miserable curs as now exist there. They are bred by the natives principally for their teeth, which are used as an inferior sort of money. The animals cannot bark, but make a noise not unlike a baby crying. They are small, short-haired, yellow-colored brutes, and are as helpless as ladies' pets, and are mostly carried about in the arms of the women. If separated 200 yards in the bush from their friends, they begin their babyish howl, and then the women actually go back for them. We have never seen them used in hunting; they always remain with the women and children. The men dislike, and are often jealous of and kill them.

A NEW fashion is introduced in the dress of the waiters of London parties. All members of the large associations of waiters have adopted a neat livery of black with gilt buttons, knee breeches with silk stockings. This precludes the possibility of awkward mistakes which so often occur when a particularly well dressed attendant is taken for one of the guests, or a poor relation of the family with a very old dress coat is peremptorily asked for "a glass of water."

Bric-a-Brac.

TOOTH-DRAWING.—On the Patent Roll of Henry IV. is a record which allows Matthew Flint, tooth-drawer of London, sixpence a day for life upon condition of his drawing the teeth of the poor gratuitously.

ANTS.—Ants have been known to build mud stables, where aphides are kept as milch cows. Being fond of a milky fluid which exudes from two tubes on the bodies of the aphides, they rub the tubes with their antennæ to produce a flow of milk.

A SEED CLOUD.—A remarkable cloud, observed in Guatemala, during eight consecutive days of last February, was found to consist of seeds floating in the air. The stream of particles resembled snowflakes in appearance, and was only observed when between the observer and the sun.

INSECTS.—Many spiders, moths, and beetles, counterfeit death when in danger, and no torture will make them show signs of life while the danger continues. The flea, grasshopper and locust, jump two hundred times their own length, equal to a quarter of mile for a man. An ant's nest consists of males and females, who have wings; also of neuters. The females enjoy the same pre-eminence as among bees. They have long and tenacious memories, know each other, and distinguish any stranger. There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs. Bees, beetles, dragon-flies, gnats, spiders, etc., have been observed to have minute acari or mites on their bodies. They carry on systematic wars, and practice all the arts of attack and defence.

CHINESE MUSIC.—One tradition remarks that the singing of the "Foang Hoang" was such beautiful music that it caused absolute goodness in everyone who heard it, and its songs had the beautiful name of "Temperance and Mercy." After Hoang-Ti, came an emperor named Chao-Hao, who invented a new mode of marking time. He had large drums beat at various hours of the night to tell what o'clock it was; he composed, also, many songs. The earliest emperors all studied music, but it was with a view of teaching their subjects good manners and morals. The songs were sometimes only directions when to plant seeds, how to catch fish, how to behave in company, and so on. Sometimes, the words are to keep the emperor's own duty in mind. Thus, one begins: "The breeze of mid-day brings warmth and dispels sorrow; may it be the same with Chun, may he be the joy and consolation of his people."

THE LOVE OF BIRDS.—"Some years ago," writes a resident of Avon, N. Y., "a phœbe bird had built her nest over a small projection under the piazza of my father's house, and occupied the place for several years unmolested. One spring a robin took possession of it before the arrival of the rightful owner, and would not give it up. The quarrel between the birds was noted by the members of the family, but nothing more was thought about it until Fall, when the peculiar shape of the nest attracted attention. Upon examination, it proved to be a double nest—one built upon the other—and in the lower one was found the vandal robin dead." The attachment to an old home seems to have overborne all sanitary considerations in the mind (let it be called) of the occupant of the second story.

OCTAVES OF ODORS.—There are octaves of odors like those of music. Certain odors blend in unison, like the notes of an instrument. For instance, heliotrope, almond, vanilla and orange blossoms blend harmoniously, each producing different degrees of a similar impression. The citron, lemon-verbena and orange-peel form a higher octave, which blend in the same manner. Then there are semi-odors, such as the rose and rose geraniums, for the half-notes, and so on. The power of flower scents to revive musical recollections is probably due altogether to association, just as the heavy fragrance of tube roses and some other sweet white flowers always brings associations of funeral and mourning scenes. One person can never inhale the peculiar fragrance of locust flowers without hearing the tones of a bell; to another the fragrance of the woodbine honeysuckle always recalls the song of "Allen Percy."

SORROWING FOR THE DEAD.—A writer who was present at an African funeral said: The beating of a drum announced that the dance was about to begin. The men arranged themselves opposite with the women as in a ballet dance in a European theatre. The dance opened by an advance of the women, who kneeled before the men and then retired. The men next advanced, slapped each other on the thigh, knelt, and withdrew. After a pause both men and women went through a figure somewhat resembling "The Lancers." The women displayed some peculiar contortions of the limbs, and simultaneously the men passed in and out between the contortionists. This was only the prelude to a more exciting scene—a very lively dance not unlike the French can-can accompanied by savage gesticulations. Some of the men threw themselves violently on the ground; others crawled about on "all-fours," whilst the women sat down clasping their knees with their hands. Subsequently the women formed a circle, and then retired into line joined by the men. The dancers vied with each other in grotesque contortions, and the one who succeeded the best was the loudest applauded. Every joint and muscle was brought into play, and at intervals the men and women would drop out to refresh themselves with millet and beer. In this way the "sorrowing for the dead" was kept up throughout the night without intermission.

THE MOON AND I.

BY C. H.

A golden moon that leans her gentle face
On the blue darkness of the summer sky—
We watched her steal aloft a little space,
My love and I.

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose
To wander lonely 'mid the stars on high;
We thought our world as bright as one of those,
My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling hair,
And made your smile you knew not how nor why;
My heart beat strangely as we lingered there,
My love and I.

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light,
If she would try to love me by and by;
She rose and left me—I stood in the night—
The moon and I.

BACK FROM THE DEAD;

—OR,—

The Mystery of Hollygrove.

CHAPTER III.

WE were not a lively party.

Etty pouted just ever so little at being kept waiting. Kathleen was pale and silent, Cissy rosy, radiant, but very silent too.

Templer had eyes for her alone, and not a word for anybody.

Redfern rattled away merrily enough, but neither Charlie nor I cared to talk much. No, we were anything but lively.

When the ladies had left us to our own devices, we lost no time in communicating our story to Templer and Redfern.

Templer was so filled and saturated with happiness that he did not appear to take in what we said, but Redfern, with all a true Briton's love of adventure and excitement was at once alive to the whole thing.

"Tell you what, Charlie, we'll get out our revolvers and have a crack at the mysterious one when next he puts in an appearance," he said as we went to the house-keeper's room, where Pink waited to report to us the result of his search.

He had found nothing.

"And, sir," said Pink, "I've screwed up that door on the leads.

"An evil-disposed person might have been lurking behind the chimneys.

"If so, he may stay there for the night. I don't envy him."

No indeed.

It was not a night to spend in the open air for the moaning wind of the earlier hours of the evening had increased considerably, and now a whole gale was tearing over the roof, howling in the chimneys, and roaring amongst the trees, like the turmoil of an angry sea.

Charlie wanted Pink to remain all night at the house, but he was afraid of the storm; so, bidding him good-night, we returned to the drawing-room.

We were not in the humor for much conversation, and broke up early.

By eleven o'clock the ladies had left us to our tobacco.

We huddled round the big hall-fire, lit our pipes, and smoked in silence for awhile the storm was now risen to a perfect tempest, chilling us and checking our tongues, as it seemed.

I got hold of a magazine lying upon a table close at hand, Redfern took up *The Field*, while Charlie busied himself with a newspaper.

Templer alone sat idly puffing away at his pipe, gazing into the glowing heart o the fire.

Four soberer-minded men could not be found in England.

There were glasses, decanters, and bottles on a side-table, but none of us had gone near them.

We were debating the advisibility of going to bed—at least, I was—when with one consent we sprang up, looking into each other's faces.

Where did it come from?

What was it?

A dread sensation of horror seemed to seize upon us such as not one of us had ever felt before, and then we heard the same harsh grating sound of bolts being roughly thrust back, and of rusty locks being suddenly opened, which had so startled us on the previous evening.

And then the sound was followed by a rush of noisome vapor, and that sickening, charnel-house smell.

We looked up to the corner of the gallery from which the sound seemed to come, and then, we clutched at each other, and stood, gazing at the fearful object which met our view.

No nightmare vision of horrors—no feverdream of a distempered brain could be half so terrible as that hideous thing we beheld gliding along the brilliantly-lit corridor.

It was the figure of a man, taller than any of us.

Some semblance of black draperies fell from the lank shoulders, and floated behind it.

The livid ghastly profile, with wet wisps of dull red hair straying over the cheek, turns towards us.

We watched it pass swiftly, silently along the gallery.

None of daring to move or cry out, we watched that awful thing as it glided along its mysterious way.

When it reached the middle of the gallery it paused, and turned towards us a face of such feverish malignity that we shuddered to behold it, even through the disgust and loathing we felt at such a sight, for the face was as the face of one "Three moons' dead."

The lips, drawn back in an appaling grin of devilish malice, were black with decay.

The eyeless sockets seemed to blaze with some supernatural light.

Even now, at a year's distance of time, I shudder at the remembrance of that loathsome vision.

It seemed to bend over the balustrade, and glare at us thus for a breathless moment or two, and then it turned to pursue its stealthy way in the same swift silent fashion as before.

I cannot tell the feeling which seemed to seize upon me and almost overpower me, as I beheld that frightful thing approach the room of the woman I loved.

I have a vague idea that I cried out in abject terror.

I am only certain of one thing.

I wrenched myself from the grasp of my companions and tore up the stairs.

Severn must have followed me, for we reached Kathleen's door at the same moment, and stood in breathless horror parting outside.

Without a moment's pause or consideration I flung the door open.

Severn sprang into the room.

It was empty.

Only the horrible smell seemed to rush in along with us and take possession of the luxurious chamber, with its dainty feminine appointments, its bright fire, and shaded lamps.

We drew back, startled, yet relieved.

"She's with Cissy or Etty," Severn gasped out: "how lucky for her! She might have seen it. I would not have that happen for the world."

I sank back against the balustrade, a feeling of such thankfulness in my heart as I had never known before.

I could not speak.

I could only nod to Severn in answer.

Then I heard a voice from below—Redfern's cry, "Well, did you find it?" and Severn called, "Hush!" sharply, as another door opening on the gallery moved.

"We must not tell them," he added to me in a low whisper.

"But she must not sleep in that room," I replied in the same tone. "Will you tell her?"

"If I can."

The door moved again very softly, and a bright head peeped out, but was at once drawn back as the clear eyes discovered the unusual occupants of the gallery.

Severn went to the door.

"Kathleen," he said, "Kathleen, come here, I want you."

Something in his agitated voice struck her, for she opened the door and came out to us—a wonder of sweetness and beauty, some sweeping trailing kind of garment falling in pale blue folds around her, and all the glory of her rippling nut-brown hair streaming loosely over her shoulders.

She was pale at first as she stepped out into the full light of the gallery, but the hot color rushed up into her delicate cheeks in a crimson wave when she saw me.

She paused, drew back, and would have retreated into Cissy's room had not Severn caught her arm.

"Kathleen," he said hoarsely, "come here, I want you."

She closed the door behind her, and came with him, a frightened wonder in her eyes.

"Is anything wrong? Is Etty ill?" she asked eagerly when we were out of earshot.

"No, no—only you must not sleep in that room. You—I—Tottenham will tell."

Charlie grew incoherent, and pushing her towards me, said in a choking whisper: "Bayard, say something."

She looked in my face—such a look—even through all my horror, dread, agitation, it set my blood tingling, and made my heart beat violently.

True, it was but for a moment, for the lovely eyes fell almost before you could count one, but it was enough.

The rush of new feelings which it awakened drove back the sense of dread and terror of which I now began to feel ashamed, and recalled me to myself.

"Miss Maguire," I said, "Charlie is quite right, you must not sleep in that—that room; you must find some pretext for going back to Miss Redfern's room—at least for to-night. We suspect—we have seen——"

I stopped short.

Charlie came to my assistance.

"Kit," he said, "you must do as we tell you. We all have reason to suspect that there is a trick being played upon us in this house—I fancy for dishonest purposes, so much so that I am going to send Kent to-London to-morrow with Etty's diamonds. I'd go myself only I want to get to the bottom of the thing. We want you girls to keep together, you see, in case of anything being amiss."

He was nervous and confused, his voice shook as he spoke.

Kathleen looked from me to him and from his face to mine in perplexity.

"I do not understand," she said. "Something is wrong! Why will you not confide in me? I am no—no coward."

She looked into my face as she spoke.

"Tell me what there is to be afraid of," she added.

I felt it would be unjust not to answer her direct appeal.

"Charlie has told you. We fear there are evil-disposed persons lurking about the house for dishonest purposes," I began, but she stopped me with an uplifted hand.

"No, no, there is something more—something you are afraid of coming to our knowledge. You do not wish me to know what it is?"

"Certainly not—at least not now," Charlie cried eagerly. "Kit, Kit, like a darling girl, stay with Cissy to-night, we'll have a talk about all this to-morrow."

Seeing how earnest he was about it, she put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Yes, Charlie," she said gently, "I will do what you ask, and I will restrain my curiosity until to-morrow. Good-night."

"You are a jewel of a girl, Kit," he said. "Don't frighten Cissy if you can help it."

"You may trust me," she said, and turned to go.

I thought she would have passed me without a sign, but no, she made a little pause before me, and extended a soft little hand.

I think I lost my senses for a moment, or her one quick glance had made me bold.

I put the little hand to my lips.

She did not resent it, only there was a lovely color on her cheek and a curious twitching of her red lips as she left us.

"Tottenham," Severn said sternly, "tell Redfern to get his revolver. I'll get to the bottom of this before I go to bed."

By this time Bertie Redfern had returned, having discovered nothing, and Severn went to the room in which Kent the butler slept to take him into our council.

The man was less surprised than we expected when we told him of the night.

"I did hear the place was 'aunted, sir," he said to his master. "The family that lived here before left very sudden, but I just laughed at the story for foolish talk. It's a trick, sir."

Trick or no trick, we four resolved to watch all night in the hall, after we had made a fresh search through the house.

Severn must go to his wife, as his absence might awaken her suspicions, and, above all, everything must be kept from her knowledge.

Kent made up a roaring fire, and we sat down to watch out the remainder of the night.

The storm raged outside, roaring in the trees and crashing over the roof, doors creaked, windows rattled, wild gusts whistled through the keyholes.

The fire burnt itself out to grey ashes, and was built up anew by Kent—the sleepiest of men—but no unearthly sight or sounds disturbed us, until at six o'clock our vigil was broken in upon by a batch of astounded housemaids, who stood in open-mouthed amazement to gaze at us four, lying in armchairs sound asleep around the dying embers of our third big fire.

We sneaked off to our chilly bedrooms and crept into bed to try to have an hour or two comfortable repose, and as a natural consequence breakfast at Hollygrove on that Saturday morning ran itself into luncheon in a mysterious manner.

Redfern was the last to make his appearance, and we three proceeded to make our lonely coffee, for not one of the girls deigned to appear.

While we were loitering over our cups, and talking in whispers of our dreadful experience of last night, the door opened, and Etty, in solemn majesty, swept into the room.

"Well, gentlemen," she said, in her very sternest tones, "this is a nice account I hear of you. Discovered this morning by the housemaids, lying asleep in the hall? What have you to say for yourselves?"

Templer and Redfern looked rather foolish, but a happy inspiration prompted me to get out something about the storm, and our fears for the safety of the painted glass dome.

Etty's dear bright face cleared up in a moment.

"How good, how unselfish of you," she said. "It was really a most dreadful storm. I was feeling quite nervous myself, but I call it horrid of Charlie to let you sit up and look after his property."

Then Redfern said Charlie was bound to look after her, and so we got over that part of the business.

The other was less easily managed.

Etty would not hear of having her diamonds sent to London.

"I'll put them in the plate-chest if you like," she said. "Or into that queer thing in the morning-room, where Charlie puts papers."

She alluded to an old-fashioned fire-proof safe built into the wall by the fireside in the morning-room. "But the idea of sending my pretty things away! No, indeed, Charlie. It's all nonsense about burglars."

And she was resolved to keep to her word.

"Let me send them over to Redfern," Charley entreated. "Kent can go by one train and come back by the next. Or, just look here, Etty. Let's all run across to the mother's house and leave them safe with her."

Etty seemed rather to incline to this proposal, but when it came to be discussed we found it utterly impracticable,

The fierce tempest of the previous night had ended in as furious a snowstorm.

All the avenues were blocked up, and no horses could travel through the great drifts lying across the roads.

Charlie was provoked and perplexed.

"Everything seems against me," he said angrily, but a few soft words from his wife restored equanimity, and he contented himself with locking the diamonds safely away in the great plate-chest in the strong-room off Kent's pantry. "I think it would puzzle anyone to get at them there," he said triumphantly.

We men had a hasty consultation as to the best story to keep for the day, and although I hated myself for telling an untruth to her, I resolved to lull Kathleen's suspicions to rest with the fiction concerning burglars.

Templer was bound over by many solemn promises to be on his guard with Cissy, and so we faced the girls at luncheon.

They were more silent than usual.

Cissy was graver than I had ever seen her, and from the moment she appeared Templer had ears or eyes for no one else.

As to Kathleen, she scarcely uttered a word, and the greeting for me was icily polite.

I was greatly taken aback.

Was this the woman whose beautiful eyes had looked so sweetly into mine a few hours ago?

Was she a contemptible coquette after all, and unworthy of the deep love I had so freely bestowed upon her?

I was perplexed beyond words, and not caring to be trifled with in this silly fashion, betook myself to the morning-room, where I sulked over a novel for awhile.

Outside the snow fell faster and faster.

The bitter wind wailed amongst the leafless trees, and everything looked dreary and hopeless.

"Major Tottenham."

I sprang up.

She was standing at my side, her sweet face very pale, her soft lips quivering.

"Kath—ahem—Miss Maguire," I stammered.

She flushed a little, and made an effort to speak, failed, gathered up strength, and went on:

"I have a question to ask," she said. "You will answer it truly, won't you?"

I was not sure of that.

If she asked me anything concerning the events of the previous night, was I not determined to deceive her?

Not quite ready to give her an answer, and rather confused by her presence, I faltered out a word or two—I know not what.

It seemed, however, to satisfy her.

"Will you tell me the reason——" she paused, blushing furiously.

I was perplexed utterly, but still the lie was ready on my lips.

"Burglars, I assure you, Miss Maguire. Charlie was so afraid of Mrs Severn's diamonds being stolen."

She made a little impatient gesture.

"I don't mean last night. I mean—that—please, please don't—don't come back. I am not very nervous, but—you have frightened me often enough."

"I, Miss Maguire?" I cried. "I frighten you? How—when?"

"Last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes, of course. You know."

"I know nothing. I would lay down my life sooner than give you a moment's uneasiness."

She turned her head away.

I fancied I heard a little sob.

I sprang to her side.

"Kathleen, dearest," I whispered; "how have I distressed you? What have I done?"

She was crying outright now, and I—well, I hate to see a woman cry, and I made the best attempt in my power at consolation.

I don't think in this case I was quite as successful as I could have wished, for she only sobbed the more; however, I got my arms well round her and held her fast.

She did not push me away.

I seemed to have drifted suddenly into Paradise, when—hang him!—Redfern's gay voice came ringing upon my ears, trolling out:

"Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

Kathleen started away and fled, and I turned savagely on the young man, who was standing leaning against the conservatory door, laughing merrily.

"So that's your little game, is it, Major Tott?" he said. "Long runs the fox, but he's caught at last. 'Pon my word, you're a lucky dog."

"I haven't to thank you very much for my good fortune," I retorted angrily.

"No, faith," he said bitterly; "I'd have spoilt it for you if I could, but—I wish you joy."

He turned on his heel and vanished amongst the leaves and bright blossoms.

What could he mean?

Had he been endeavoring to keep us apart?

Perhaps so.

There could be no other meaning to his words, but there, what mysterious offence had I committed?

What had I done to annoy the woman whom I loved, and who, as I now believed, loved me.

I rose up, determined to see her, and hear from her own lips the accusation she had to bring against me, now that I felt she cared for me.

I went into the drawing-room, she was not there.

I looked into the hall, it was empty; only a roaring fire lit it up from end to end.

I determined to wait there by the blazing hearth until she appeared, feeling sure she had taken refuge in her own room.

I felt half dazed with happiness as I stood looking into the glowing depths of the big fire.

What was I that I should win such a woman?

What had she seen to love in me?

Ah! she should never, never have cause to repent her choice, my darling Kate.

The evening shadows were closing in fast by this time, and the hall was growing darker and darker each moment.

The wide passage opposite the fire-place was dimly lit by the glass door beyond.

I was looking away from the fire for a moment, when a figure coming swiftly up this passage caught my attention.

Severn, I thought, and made a step forward.

I would tell him at once of the new relationship between Kathleen and myself.

As I stepped off the hearthrug, my foot caught in something, I know not what, but in glancing down to see, I took my eyes off the approaching figure for an instant.

When I looked up it was gone.

I dashed into the passage, shook the library door, which was firmly locked, ran back, and rushed up the wide stairs like a madman.

I first ran into my own room.

It was dark, for neither fire or lamps had been lighted, but I groped around it as best I could, and found nothing.

When I returned to the gallery, Kent and Paul were lighting the lamps below, and everything looked bright and cheerful, only——"

My heart gave a sudden bound; here she was coming towards me, my sweet Kate, but why was her face so cold and stern?

I sprang to her.

She drew back.

"No. How can I think you—you care for me when you persist in this folly?"

She paused, a sudden perplexed expression came into her sweet face.

"How did you get out of my room?" she asked. "If there is a secret door——"

"Kathleen," I cried, putting a hand on her shoulder and holding her fast, "what do you mean? Can it be possible you think I have been trying to—to frighten you? That you imagine—— My darling girl, what is it you imagine?"

"I imagine nothing," she said, her soft lips quivering. "Only—I—I have been so angry with you."

"What for, my dearest?" I gasped out.

"For—for—coming into my room in the unwarrantable way you have done these three evenings."

"Kathleen! I? Why do you say such a thing?" I cried in amazement. "Can you think me capable of such a thing? No wonder you were cold to me if you believed I could dare——"

I paused, she grew so white that she alarmed me.

Was she going to faint?

"Bayard," she gasped out, looking into my face with wide-open terrified eyes, "do you mean to say you have not come into my room, stood for a moment inside the door, and then crossed on tiptoe to the dressing-room beyond?"

"Most certainly I have not been guilty of such an unpardonable thing," I said. "How could you accuse me of it?"

She trembled from head to foot.

"I do not understand," she faltered.

"Nor do I. Why do you imagine it?" I asked, drawing her near to me.

"Because none of them are as tall as you, and oh! I was so angry, so grieved."

She did not draw away from me.

No, I fancied she seemed to cling to me. I drew her a little nearer.

"Did you see my face?" I asked, bending very close to her.

"No. That was the odd part of it, you never looked at me. I began to—to think you were acting ghost just to frighten me."

"Hallo!"

This time it was Severn who came upon us, and he soon grew grave enough when I told him Kathleen's story.

"By Jove! it's uncommonly queer," he said. "Would you mind our taking a look into that dressing-room, Kit?"

"I wish of all things that you would," she said eagerly, and we went to her room.

It was the same shape and size as my own, only a small oblong room opened off it at one side, and a great wardrobe almost filled the opposite wall.

Severn, a lighted candle in his hand, flung open the door leading into the little room beyond, but started back almost overpowered by the disgusting charnel-house smell which filled it.

Kathleen clung shivering to my arm.

"Oh, what is it? What can it be?" she gasped.

I soothed her to the best of my power and bidding her wait in the outer room, followed Charlie into the dim chamber.

It was fitted up prettily to match the bedroom, in soft grey and rose-colored cretonne, just a pretty modern room, with a few knick-knacks on the mantel-shelf, a big bath leaning against the wall, and a few prints hanging from the cornice.

There was absolutely nothing more, and nothing to account for the dreadful smell.

"This is most extraordinary," Severn said. "I am beginning to think there must be something very odd about the place. What made you think it was Tottenham, Kit?"

She looked shyly into my face, and blushing deeply, said:

"Well, he's the tallest of you all, and the slimmest, you know, and the man I saw was very tall and thin."

"Did you see his face?"

"No, I did not; the head was turned away."

"What sort of clothes did he wear?"

"A loose black coat—no, something more like a cloak."

Severn and I exchanged glances.

"You see, I was so startled, and so annoyed that I did not like to say anything," she went on. "Indeed, this evening I only saw the figure reflected in my looking-glass. Before I turned round he had gone in there and closed the door. I was very much offended and I——" She faltered, blushed even a deeper rose, as she turned her sweet eyes on me again as she went on. "I resolved to tell Etty all about it, and was just on my way when to my great surprise I met you, and then you came, Charlie."

Charlie put a hand on her shoulder.

"Will you do me a favor, Kit?" he said earnestly. "Don't say anything about this to Etty; she's a nervous little soul, and I'd rather she didn't hear of it. Bayard and the rest of us saw something very queer in the gallery last night; that was why we made you sleep in Cissy's room. We intend to be on the lookout to-night, and you'll stay with Cis, won't you, Kit, and just make up some story for her edification. Will you, Kit?"

"I will," she said firmly. "But tell me one thing, do you think the house is—is—haunted?"

She sunk her voice to a whisper as she asked the question.

"I don't know what it is," answered Charlie turning away, and we three descended the stairs and appeared at the tea-table together.

I had a delicious half-hour with Kathleen in the morning-room before the dressing-bell rang, and truth to tell I had half forgotten the mysterious figure when I hurried to my room to dress.

Nothing occurred to break my dreamy delighted mood.

I took her into dinner, sat beside her, touched her, etc.

We have all gone through the same sort of thing, only it's like the measles, you have it all the more severely the older you are when it attacks you, and mine was a very bad case.

After dinner we four men held a long consultation which ended in our resolving to watch this night, and if we saw anything out of the common, not to be afraid of consequences, but take straight aim and fire.

"If it's a trick, serve the devils right who played it," Severn said sternly. "We need have no mercy on them, they deserve none."

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the ladies had retired we men were not long in preparing ourselves for our watch, and as Kent brought in the tray of bottles and glasses we came downstairs, each armed with a loaded revolver, and each determined to take a good aim at the thing if it again appeared.

Kent was fidgetting about the hall, evidently desirous of making one of our party, and Severn good-naturedly bade him stay.

I remember distinctly, whatever other events of that night may be confused in my memory, that a clock was striking twelve as we settled down to our pipes and brandy-and-sodas.

Severn sat opposite to his brother-in-law at the side of the fire, Templer was lounging on a couch just in front of it, and facing the gallery; I was on Redfern's side, sitting rather back and leaning my arm on a little table; Kent was sitting behind his master.

There was a curious feeling of expectation amongst us, we spoke little, and that little in whispers.

The storm had gone down, and now only the snow fell silently on the roof, and a low moaning wind went whispering by the dark silent house.

We grew even more silent as we sat waiting.

I do not know how long we had been sitting thus, when looking suddenly I saw Kent's face behind his master growing ghastly white, his eyes distended, his mouth open.

"Kent," I called softly, but he did not hear me; and Severn, his attention drawn to the man by my voice, turned round.

"I say, Kent, what's the matter?" he cried.

The man said nothing, but pointed in the direction of Kathleen's room.

We all looked up at once, but I saw nothing but the shadow of one of the pillars moving on the wall as the red fire-light blazed up and fell.

"Why there's nothing there, man," Severn said impatiently. "If you're terrified already why you'd better go to bed."

Kent made an effort to speak, but just at this moment came the grinding, crashing noise we now heard for the third time, the rush of clammy death-cold air, the—faugh! —the disgusting odor.

We leaped to our feet, caught up our pistols and waited.

Great heavens! how horrible that moment was.

Yes! there came that awful thing gliding along the gallery in the same noiseless stealthy fashion it had done on the previous night.

We held our breath.

None of us cared to be the first to fire; indeed, my hand felt powerless to pull the trigger, I could only stand and glare at the thing in sick horror.

As it reached the centre of the gallery it paused, turned towards us and seemed to grin a grin of devilish malice at us, and then —there was a crash and a flash as Redfern fired two barrels of his revolver at the hideous object, in quick succession.

Ere the walls had ceased to vibrate to the sharp reports, a yell so awful, so unearthly, that it made our blood run cold, rang through the hall, and a woman's figure rushed from Kathleen's room, between the awful thing and us. We saw it; we all saw it. Redfern's hand fell ere he fired the third barrel. Severn stood in blank amazement and horror staring at the two things—human beings we could not believe them to be; whilst Templer and I clutched at each other and breathed hard.

The female figure had cast her phantom around arms the male one. We saw, at least I did, that she wore a kind of nun's dress and white hood, and that she was tall and slender.

It was but for a second, yet we seemed to have been gazing at the fearful scene for hours, when in a flash the two figures vanished, ere the smoke of the revolver had curled to the roof, or the sound of that awful yell ceased to echo on our ears.

We rushed upstairs—that is, Severn, Redfern, and I, just as Cissy flung open her door, and Etty came flying up the passage from her bedroom.

I saw Kathleen's dear face behind her cousin, and a great load seemed lifted from my mind.

"What has happened? Who fired?" These and a host of other questions were showered upon us, but we had no voice to answer, only Severn took his wife into his arms.

"My darling, we cannot stay in this accursed house," he said. "Get your things together, for we cannot, must not remain another night under this roof."

"Are you mad, Charlie!" cried Etty, disengaging herself and looking into his face. "Oh, my poor boy, what has happened?"

For her husband's face was grey and ghastly, and I am sure she must have seen much the same deathlike pallor on mine and her brother's.

"Charlie, where is Percy? Has anything happened to him?" shrieked Cissy as she flew past us down to the wide stairs and into the hall.

"Oh, Etty! Charlie! help! help! help!" we heard her cry, and following her as quickly as we could we found her kneeling by Templer's side. He had fallen in a fit on the floor. Kent, also insensible, lay across the hearthrug.

Poor Kent revived soon, but several hours elapsed before Templer recovered consciousness.

Indeed, we became so alarmed at his condition, that Bertie Redfern and I set out through the deep snow to fetch the village doctor to him. In the meantime Severn aroused the house, and by the time we returned from our errand, lights were flaring in all the rooms, and astonished servants bustling about in all directions.

In the dim grey light of the pale January day we quitted that horrible house, poor Templar lying almost prostrate from sheer terror on the seat of the carriage which conveyed the three girls to the station.

The doctor accompanied us to Redfern Court.

He was a clever intelligent man, rather of a sceptical turn, and not the least inclined to believe in the supernatural, but even he was forced to confess that what we had seen was not easily explained.

When questioned as to the stories afloat concerning Hollygrove, he only laughed.

"Oh, nobody stays there long," was all we could make him say.

We arrived at Redfern almost in time for breakfast.

Lady Augusta was amazed to see us, and still more astonished when we told her the reason of our abrupt departure from her son-in-law's house.

We never were able to unravel the mystery.

Redfern went to the landlord of the place —a London solicitor of fairly good standing —and offered a fancy price for the house, but the offer was refused.

Then Severn went to him and told him he was determined to find out the secrets of the place, and offered, like his brother-in-law, a good round sum for it, avowing his intention of ripping up every floor, pulling down every wall, taking the house to pieces bit by bit until he wrung from it the horrible secrets it concealed, but the man would not suffer the house to be sold.

It was not his, he said; he only held it in trust for a client whose name he would not reveal.

Pressed more closely, he turned sharply on Severn.

"Captain Severn," he said, in a tone which admitted of no answer, "there is a dark and tragic story connected with that unfortunate house, a story which involves the honor of two families. I have the honor to serve one of them, and as one gentleman to another I must request that you will not ask any more questions concerning that place. Any money that you have expended upon it I will gladly refund, and let there be an end of the whole affair."

So we never found out.

Poor Templer was not himself for a long time afterwards, but as he was married in the early summer I conclude he is all right again.

For my own part, when I look at that sweet wife of mine (I got extension of leave, and married her at the end of February,) I think that, ghost and all, I rather enjoyed my three days at Hollygrove House.

[THE END.]

The Match-Maker.

BY W. J. LACEY.

THE weather had been fine and genial in the earlier part of the day, but since three o'clock it had become dreary and overcast.

It was now raining in that hopeless manner that it does rain in February, when the atmosphere is laden with vapor, and the evergreens look draggled and woebegone, whilst the gaunt boughs of the naked trees glisten and shine in wet and inky blackness against the dull sky.

Yes, it was dull and dreary out of doors.

But within the bright firelit drawing-room of Stockleigh Manor it was pleasant and comfortable enough—so comfortable that, but for the ceaseless splash on the glass of the conservatory, you might have remained in ignorance of the state of affairs without.

The pretty rooms, for there were two, shaded from one another by the heavy crimson curtain that hung half way across the dividing archway, looked particularly inviting, with so many cosy chairs and little tables scattered about, and the fickle firelight shone on the bright piano, on the china and knick-knacks that ornamented the rooms, and on the delicate water-colors that graced the walls.

It was just the hour in which to indulge in a quiet reverie.

So thought Miss Margaret Courtenay—Aunt Margaret, as she was generally called —as she walked softly across the otherwise unoccupied drawing-room, and settled herself cosily in one of the inviting easy chairs.

She had made her toilette for dinner, and was dressed in a soft grey material, with just a little pink introduced into the trimming to prevent its being too sombre in effect.

Aunt Margaret always wore soft flowing drapery, a style that suited her slim, graceful figure.

Miss Margaret Courtenay, was an old maid, at least so the world and her nephews and nieces styled her, an old maid of forty summers.

There are old maids and old maids.

There are born old maids and married old maids, old maids by choice and old maids because they cannot help it.

Aunt Margaret is an old maid by choice; she is a maiden lady with a story, and is treated with great respect and consideration accordingly.

No one exactly understands what this story is, for Aunt Margaret is very reserved about her own affairs, and not even her brother, Mr. Courtenay, with whom she now lives, knows anything about it.

She is younger by twenty years than himself, and it was while he was away making his fortune in India that the romance of her life was played out.

It is generally believed, however, that she was on the eve of being married, and she had been heard to say that it was her own fault that she was not.

By thus skilfully throwing a drapery over a mass of detail, probably of a very ordinary and unromantic character, she unconsciously invests her life with a dignified reserve, and becomes a person of considerable interest in her circle.

Since the breaking-up of her home, caused by her father's death, she had spent many years abroad; had lived in Paris, and sojourned in the pensions of Switzerland; had wintered in Brussels, and visited Vienna; had spent some time in the various towns of Italy, and paid many visits to the studios of Rome.

She had extended her travels to the East, had looked down on Jerusalem from Mount Olivet, had visited Bethany, and stood on the shores of the Dead Sea.

Her conversation was therefore most entaining and amusing, but she never intended her knowledge; and, in the refined, delicate lady before you, you would scarcely divine the energy that had prompted her to see so much.

Indeed, though well-bred, she was shy and nervous; at the same time well able to take care of herself.

She was never seen at needle-work, but had always writing to do in the morning, after which she took her usual constitutional walk, and the newspapers and a book finished the day.

She could take a hand at whist if required or play some dreamy melodies on the piano —a sort of playing that rather accompanied conversation than stopped it—and was always quietly pleasant and agreeable both in society and in her brother's family, in which she had for the last twelve months resided.

She wore her auburn hair in the style of her youth, in long curls on either side of her pale sentimental face, with a narrow white parting dividing the front and back, and a soft coil of hair behind.

Her hands were slim and white, and invariably shaded by a fall of lace, which made them look smaller than they really were.

This, then, is the picture that I wish to present to my readers—a pensive maiden lady, sitting in the firelight in a handsome drawing-room.

I wish it were in my power to tell them her story, but of that I am as ignorant — are her nephews and nieces.

All I know is that some misunderstanding had risen between her and her lover, which, on the very eve of the wedding, had resulted in the breaking off of the marriage.

Some time afterwards Miss Courtenay found that she had been too hasty in her decision, that the reports she had received from well-meaning friends were exaggerated, and in many cases untrue; but the discovery came too late for her to repair her error; Mr. Elwell had left England, and Margaret Courtenay grew into an old maid.

This had happened twenty years ago; and now, within the last fortnight, these two had met again.

Brothers take little interest in their sisters' love affairs, and moreover, Mr. Courtenay, it has been said, was in India at the time and if he had ever heard the name of John Elwell he had long ago forgotten it. Therefore, when, having gained a lawsuit, he asked the barrister he had retained to run down for a few days with him to his house in Leicestershire, he had no idea that he was bringing the long separated lovers together.

But so it was.

There was a start and a bow, a flush, and a constrained shake of the hands; and then there was a secret between them, for neither confessed to having known the other before.

We can scarcely therefore be surprised at the pensive attitude that Aunt Margaret has assumed.

A fortnight spent in a country house in the wet month of February is necessarily a trying time to two people with a secret.

Both had discovered that the years had made no difference in their feelings for one another, both were too diffident or too proud to make any overtures towards a reconciliation.

There is no doubt that many unfortunate people have stumbled over this same stone.

Two people have honestly and truly loved one another, but either from pride or diffidence, or perhaps both, the mutual confessions have never been made, and the two lives which might have flowed harmoniously together diverge into different channels.

It is often times necessary, to prevent such a catastrophe, that a third party should step in and gently remove the obstacle that prevents the union, and here the much-abused office of match-maker may honorably and fairly be brought into play.

No such friendly mediator had stepped in between John Elwell and Margaret Courtenay, and offended pride on his side, and prudish reserve on hers, were the stumbling blocks over which these two were tripping. Aunt Margaret gave way still more to day dreams, and John Elwell prolonged his stay; but the divided streams still fought against the stones, and were as far from unity as ever. Aunt Margaret's day dreams were, however, broken in upon on this occasion by the hero, John Elwell himself, who advanced towards the fire rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and exclaiming:

"Ah, Miss Courtenay, nothing makes a room look so cheerful as a lady by the fireside. I hope that you were not caught in the rain this afternoon."

"I was not out," returned Miss Courtenay. "At this time of the year, morning seems to be the best time for constitutional exercise. I invariably walk between twelve and one."

"'The winter's walk at noon.' What is it Cowper says?—

"'The night was winter in its roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The Season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of June.'"

"May," corrected Aunt Margaret.

"Of course. I am forgetting all my poetry. A man generally does, unless he has women and children about him."

"And very frequently when he has them," said Miss Courtenay, looking pensively at the fire.

"True. Yet even should the actual poetic nature die out of a man, there is a certain softness and loveliness infused into his life by his being brought into contact with women and children."

"Whilst often with women the love of poetry drifts into sentimentalism, where it is not associated with the sterner common sense of man," said Margaret, speaking more to herself than to him.

"That shows how dependent the one sex is upon the other, and how it was never intended that either should live alone."

Miss Courtenay discreetly changed the subject, and began talking about the morning's news, inquired if the evening papers had arrived, and discussed the various telegrams.

"Having been abroad so much, I naturally take an interest in what is going on in world," she said; and so the conversation drifted into different subjects.

It wanted half an hour to dinner-time, and none of the other members of the household had as yet made their appearance.

Gradually the conversation died away, and these silly blunderers sat staring into the fire as though they hoped to find fresh fuel for discussion in the flames.

Now and again a new topic was started, first by one and then by the other; but as neither seemed to have much to say, each returned to the thoughtful scrutiny of the fire.

This process of making conversation became very irksome; Miss Margaret roused herself, and determined to make a more vigorous effort; John Elwell did the same; they both seized upon a subject, simultaneously withdrew their gaze from the fire, and opened their lips to speak; their eyes met, and they laughed.

There was a rustle, and the words, "Kiss me" sounded gently through the room.

John Elwell started, and a thrill of pleasure shot through him.

At last, then, Margaret had come to her senses, and the offer of reconciliation was made.

It did not occur to him that it was odd that a lady, and so refined and particular a lady as Miss Courtenay, should make so decided an overture.

The mist of twenty years cleared away, and he saw before him but the girl bride, anxious to be forgiven and to be taken again into favor.

He rose from his chair, rather slowly and tremblingly it must be allowed, and respectfully saluted her.

"It is no use trying to make talk when both our hearts are full of the same thought," said he, as he drew his chair close to hers, and managed to possess himself of her hand.

"It is twenty years since we parted, Margaret, and yet I love you as dearly at forty-five as I did at twenty-five, and sometimes I have dared to hope that you have not forgotten me."

"No, John, I have never forgotten you," she replied softly.

"And have you forgiven me?" he asked.

"I was misinformed. There was nothing to forgive."

"You were too hard upon me, it is true, Margaret, and it has cost us twenty years of happiness."

"Why did you not speak sooner, John?"

"Because, Margaret, I was determined that the first overtures should come from you."

"From me!" said Aunt Margaret, flushing. "How could you expect me to make overtures to you?"

"But you have done so," he returned, bending towards her as though again to caress her.

"What do you mean?" she cried, drawing herself away.

"Nay, nay," said John Elwell, soothing; "you must know, Margaret, that you made the first advance."

"I did no such thing," returned Margaret.

"I should never have spoken, had you not said——"

"What,?"

"Well—'Kiss me.'"

Aunt Margaret was now really offended. "Why, you asked me to kiss you," she said, with heightened color.

"I protest I did not. You whispered it as softly as possible."

"For shame, John! You said it just—as you used to say it in the old days."

"On my oath, Margaret, I never did."

"I suppose you know what an oath is," said Miss Courtenay, doubtfully.

"I think so.

"I have enough to do with them, in court."

"And you would take your oath that you did not ask me?"

"I will do more. I will take my oath that you asked me."

Aunt Margaret stood looking at him with a flush on her delicate cheeks, thinking that he really meant only to perplex her.

"John, you know me better," she said softly; "you are doing this to tease me, but you should not."

"Kiss me," again echoed through the room; and then followed the sound of a a whisper of "Oh, you darling!"

"There is some one in the next room!" cried Mr. Elwell, and they sprang apart like guilty creatures.

They moved towards the curtain between the two drawing-rooms, and confronted Nellie, Aunt Margaret's eldest niece, who, with her cousin, Harry Martin, was advancing to meet them.

"I am very sorry, Aunt Margaret," cried Nellie.

"We did not mean to be eavesdroppers, but I was so wet when I got in from my ride that I came to warm my feet before going up to dress, and Harry came in with me."

"So it appears.

"And you have been warming your faces too," said Mr. Elwell, laughing and pointing to Nellie's fair cheeks.

"The fire is rather fierce," she returned.

"The fire or the kisses?" he asked, laughing: "but there, we will not tell tales out of school."

"Nevertheless, Nellie, I am rather surprised at your conduct," said Aunt Margaret, primly.

"Come, come, this won't do," cried Harry. "We are ready enough to keep your secret, but I can assure you that we have not been following your good example."

"I should think not," said Nellie. "I never asked anybody to kiss me in my life."

"Then who was kissed, and who was the darling?" asked John Elwell, slyly.

"Aunt Margaret," replied Nellie, stoutly.

"Oh, Nellie, you shamefaced little coquette," said Aunt Margaret, rebukingly.

"I only wish it had been Nellie," said Harry; "but I answer for it that it was not."

"Kiss me! Kiss me! Oh, you darling!" was wafted softly through the room, and a whole shower of kisses followed this affectionate outburst.

"Good heavns!" they all exclaimed at once; "there is a third couple in the room."

"Let us light the gas and discover the culprits," said Harry, producing some wax matches from his pocket.

The firelight was soon quenched, and every corner of the drawing-room illuminated, but no other parties were to be seen.

Harry and Mr. Elwell looked behind curtains and chirs, carried a light into the conservatory, and peered about amongst the orange trees and camellias; the place was empty.

"Some one must have been playing us a trick," said the two gentlemen, returning.

"Or the room is haunted," suggested Miss Courtenay in a whisper.

"By the spirit of St. Valentine," cried Nellie, "for to-morrow is the fourteenth of February."

"The season when the birds choose their mates," said Harry, "and——"

But he was interrupted by Nellie, who fell on the sofa in convulsions of laughter, tossing off her riding hat, and shaking her bright blonde hair into soft curls about her shoulders.

"Oh, auntie, auntie! I shall die of laughing!

"To think of our being such geese! It is the bird in the corner, Aunt Margaret; the new parrot that papa brought home yesterday."

Yes! there, sure enough, sat Polly in her grey dress and red trimmings, laughing softly to herself in imitation of Nellie's more joyous peal.

"Kiss me," she cried, with her head coquettishly aside.

"The mystery is solved," said Nellie, rising and gathering up her habit.

"Nevertheless, Aunt Margart, I am rather surprised at your conduct."

"I shall be surprised if you are not late for dinner, Miss Nellie," said Aunt Margaret, "unless you go upstairs at once."

"Quite true; there goes the first bell. Come along, Harry, for you can't appear in boots and gaiters."

And they heard them laughing together as they stumbled upstairs.

"They are having a fine joke together at our expense," said Miss Courtenay.

"And we at theirs," returned Mr. Elwell. "Well, Margaret, do you think now that I understand the nature of an oath?"

She laughed.

"And will you allow me to register a vow in your behalf sometime next month?"

"I do not know about next month," said Margaret, blushing as rosy red as a young girl; but here her mouth was stopped.

"I have lost twenty years, and will wait no longer," cried John Elwell, and Margaret felt there was nothing more to be said.

The dinner party was long in mustering that evening.

Nellie and Harry were late, of course, but Aunt Margaret, the precise Aunt Margaret, who had been dressed an hour ago, what could she mean by keeping the soup waiting?

Even when the truants did appear they were so quiet that Mr. Courtenay rallied them on their gravity.

"The weather must have affected you," he said; "you are all as dull as ditch-water.

"Bring round the wine, Smith"—to the butler.

"You are not vexed with me, Aunt Margaret?" said Nellie, in the course of the evening.

"No, dearest; I am not vexed."

"I really came in to warm my feet, you know; and, auntie, dear, I am so glad; I know all about it.

"Mr. Elwell is the man you ought to have married years ago, and now you have made it up again, and papa is so pleased, and so are we all."

"It was the parrot's doing," said Aunt Margaret.

"St. Valentine's, you mean—and he managed another match, too," and Nellie lowered her voice to a whisper.

"Somehow or other I kept tumbling over my habit as I went upstairs, and Harry was obliged to help me, and when we reached the landing——"

"Well, Nellie?"

"Harry said that he did not think St. Valentine's advice should be thrown away, and so he kissed me, and—and—and we are engaged, Aunt Margaret."

The double wedding took place early in the spring, in the Stockleigh Parish Church and I never heard that any of the parties ever repented taking St. Valentine's advice. The parrot was always a great favorite with both the brides; she lived to an honored and respected old age, and in the family ever after went by the name of "The Match-Maker."

The Wages of Sin.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

A WIFE, and not a happy wife.

A mournful record to indite, a source daily humiliating agony to the woman who carried the knowledge so securely guarded by apparent indifference.

She sat idly, with listless folded hands.

Hester Linsdale, filling out cards of invitation at a desk in an adjourning room, looked that way occasionally; neglecting her work when a footstep echoed through the hall, but stooping over it again as Heathcott entered the outer apartment.

His wife glanced up inertly.

"You?" she said. "This is certainly an unexpected favor."

She knew that his presence at this unusual hour presaged some shaft aimed at her own complacency, and held herself physically and mentally under watchful discipline.

Heathcott was smiling and subservient, as characterised his most relentless moods.

"I have been planning surprises," he said. "I anticipated your gratification."

She inclined her head, silently awaiting his explanation.

His nonchalent glance fell away from her, and half-turning, he called out, familiarly—

"Not through yet, Hester, my dear? I fear you have a tiresome task."

She placed the inscription on the last snowy envelope, and came forward with the pack in her hands.

A regal-looking woman, wearing the mien of one who recognized a right to her position in the household.

So she might have done for all the manifest opposition she met from the received mistress.

"Through," she said, dropping all a flaky mass, upon the centre-table. "I have omitted no one."

"You forget," Heathcott interposed, turning his gaze steadily on his wife.

"Owing to unfortunate circumstances, which have removed our young friend Marstowe from our immediate social circle, it has been impossible to number him as heretofore.

"This is an omission which must cause mutual regret."

Mrs. Heathcott leaned wearily back into her chair.

She looked out through the window away over the scope of lawn and woodland.

On the other side the town closed up in straggling blocks and streets.

A bit of scenery this was, reproducing nature by means of artistic skill, but which her eyes seemed to view.

Long suffering had taught her self-command, and strength of will held in subservience nerves and muscles, which less absolute control would have betrayed into confession of the fact that his words had touched the quick of mental anguish.

As it was, she restrained all such evidence.

He addressed her.

"This recent ennui of yours has given me great solicitude.

"You have kept yourself too much secluded.

"I cannot permit you to stagnate so; you must have excitement, enlivenment.

"Hester and I, consulting together, planned a *bal masque* for Thursday evening.

"This being Tuesday, you have ample time to prepare for it, for none of the fatiguing duties shall devolve upon you.

"I shall send Jennings to take orders for your costume. I hope you are pleased, my love."

A blue pallor crept about her, her fingers compressed painfully, but she smiled back at him serenely.

"I credit you with sincere motives in thus consulting my probable welfare, and appreciate your studious remembrance of my tastes.

"After the many previous illustrations you have given me, I can be surprised at no extreme evidence of your solicitude."

"I am more than repaid in your generous appreciation," he answered suavely. "Jennings will be here early to-morrow. I wish you would wear ruby velvet and diamonds when it comes to unmasking. I like magnificence, and my wife should represent at least the full value of her dower."

"It shall be as you wish," she quietly said.

But her eyes, downcast now, scintillated indignantly.

Miss Linsdale here interposed with some relative matter which required attention.

Her manner was insinuating, magnetic—of the kind which soothes while it inspires with the reverse of confidence.

Astute and unscrupulous, she wielded Heathcott more fully than he was aware.

Mrs. Heathcott listened for a time, and withdrew, unruffled.

In her own room she clenched her hands until the nails left purple indentations in the palms, and her convulsed features betrayed a paroxysm of mental pain.

Her marriage had been one of convenience consummated before she understood her own nature and needs.

Her husband, loving nothing so well as himself, was fully satisfied in having placed over his household a mistress of irreproachable lineage and good breeding.

He left her much to her own resources, himself engaged in pleasurable pursuits, which in a moral point of view might not have endured searching scrutiny.

Ere long she began to feel the need of the sympathy and tenderness she had always experienced in her early home.

Denied these from the one who should have cherished her, it was certainly reprehensible, but considering her impulsive youth, not remarkable that she should have welcomed them from another source.

Ross Marstowe, scarcely more than a boy in years, but *blase* already, divined her discontent, and set himself to the agreeable task of brightening some of her lonely hours.

He meant her no harm, any more than he intended falling into an ethical morass; but good intentions pave the wide and easy though downward path, and when he awoke to a realization of his descent along this grade he found the way so pleasant and his companionship so desirable that a contemplation of the final consequence could not wrest from him the joy of one passing moment.

Heathcott, on his guard, followed his prey mercilessly as any sleuth-hound, warily as the spider which throws invisible snares to entrap its victim.

It came to this at last, that his wife had yielded to Marstowe's solicitations, and planned to desert her dreary home and her woman's fame for the refuge afforded her in his love.

Heathcott saw the plot mature and waited silently.

Then the finale came.

At a *bal masque* where the crush of people and fantastic disguises seemed to ensure them greater safety, they took advantage of the opportunity it appeared to offer for undetected flight.

She wore ruby velvet and diamonds that night beneath her masquerade dress, huge glittering stones which in themselves were almost priceless.

These had been her only dower when she became a wife; and these, trembling now above her madly beating heart, were all she could take from her husband's home.

Then, when he had received this last evidence, Heathcott foiled their plans and touched a match of the slow train of his revenge.

His pride and self-love had been terribly wounded.

In return, he tortured the weak woman, until her very suffering he came her rock of strength; until she learned to bear his taunts without the quiver of a facial nerve, and to reply without a tremor in her voice, though her heart might shrink and cower before his cruel thrusts.

Any other man would have called the usurper of his wife's affections to the field from which but one should return and live.

Heathcott, instead, made friendly advances to the other man, and had him constantly at his house.

Meantime Miss Linsdale was installed as companion to his wife, and from that time the latter knew herself to be kept under resolute surveillance.

Little by little Heathcott advanced toward his revenge.

As his conduct will have proven, Ross Marstowe was a vacillating man.

Heathcott gained the ascendancy over him; tempted him on to his ruin body and soul.

At that moment he lay the wreck of his former self, a hopeless inmate of an inebriate asylum.

His weakness and his downfall wrested from him the respect of the women who had loved him.

Strange as it may seem, her husband's steadiness of purpose, however ill expended, the power of his will, which conquered all obstacles, even his malignity towards herself, never expressed in words, but rendered in every acute form of mental torture a semblance of solicitude could cover, drew from her an admiration not unmixed with hatred, the very knowledge of which stung her with the keenest sense of humiliation such a woman could know.

A hanging balcony opened from her room.

Going out upon it she saw her husband walking with Hester Linsdale in the garden below.

She had fathomed her companion long ago, but the sight of these two together always possessed her with an impulse to crush the life out of the beautiful treacherous woman, who occupied the place in Heathcott's heart, which, had it belonged to his wife in that former time, no human power could have tempted her beyond the strength to resist through faith to him.

She went in again with a dangerous expression on her face, her lips drawn apart from her glittering teeth, her breath coming in dry short gasps.

She had endured such struggles before—had conquered the temptations then presented.

Would she do so now?

Through the open doorway she saw Heathcott touch his lips to Hester's hand.

He could stoop to torture her through means of the self-same sin for which he was dealing her punishment.

She turned sharply, and looked at the desperate face reflected from her mirror, then smiled.

"Only for two days more," she said.

* * * * *

A masquerade ball is a very kaleidoscope of changing scenes.

Princes and peasants, courtiers and flower nymphs, knights of chivalry and cowled monks, Spanish fair ones, with fans and mantillas, Turks, Moors, with here and there an unmistakable characterization of an historic or novelistic hero to give interest to the display, all mingling in a heterogeneous moving mass.

A sybil threaded her way through the thronged rooms.

Her dress was black silk gown, embroidered with cabalistic characters, and girded at the waist with a golden zone.

She carried a wand, tipped with a glittering star, and her mask differed from the many only in its shading of bright green.

Prominent among the maskers stood Rebecca, distinguished both by her stately bearing, and rich though simple costume.

The two were brought close by the swaying of the crowd.

"Whither goest thou, fair Jewess!" queried a Knight Templar, who had the golden cross broidered on the shoulder of his scarlet cloak.

"Tarry, I pray thee, or take at least the service of my goodly lance."

"Peace, sir knight. I seek for Ivanhoe. I carry with me healing ointment to anoint his wounds."

"My faith, methinks thou dost inflict more stabs with those bright eyes than all thy lotions heal. Good mother, here. Rebecca seeks for Ivanhoe.

"By power of thy art, what would the fair Rowena say?"

"'A virtuous heart doth not suspect:
But injured love will turn
Then let the Jewess mind her thought,
Lest envy there should burn.
By power of my art and rhyme,
The fair Rowena hides her time.'"

"Well spoken, mother. Thy reputation stands secure if venturing on no less probable decision. Since Rebecca is immovable, canst point me to a heart less obdurate?"

The Jewess, seizing the opportunity, hastened away.

But the sybil's watchful eye marked her course.

In the conservatory, beyond the aisles lined with tropic blooms, was a nook hemmed in by azalea-trees, whose shedding blossoms carpeted the ground with rosy petals.

Here Rebecca found her recreant knight, but characters were dropped, and the visitor of restraint removed.

Passion betrayed his sway.

"Only a moment, sweet; but it is all the dearer for being stolen."

"Must it always be so? Will you never break the hateful bonds that are wearing into both our lives!

"She would have left you; why not take the cue and improve upon it?"

"Revenge is sweet," he said. "I will not spare a single drop of mine."

"But you are revenged. He has gone down through you, and you have made her love you.

"You can strike her no keener blow than by leaving her now to her solitary humiliation and remorse.

"Between her and me, Heathcott, you must choose."

The azalea-branches shook, and a shower of pink petals drifted down.

The beautiful temptress so unlike the character she personated, put her hands in his with clinging velvety touch.

He realized then for the first time, and unresistingly, the subtle fascination she exerted over him.

Later Rebecca glided out alone to join the maskers again.

In the doorway stood Mrs. Heathcott in her sybil's dress, but unmasked.

The star belonging to her wand glittered in her fingers for an instant, and a very pungent odor exhaled upon the air.

She turned to the simulated Jewess.

"Change masks with me, please, Miss Linsdale; mine has chafed me until I cannot wear it."

The change was effected silently and speedily, but not before each woman read in the eyes of the other a triumphant light.

"They laugh who win," said Mrs. Heathcott impressively. "The battle has been between us."

"And is decided," the other replied.

And having said it, tottered and fell.

There was a rush and clamor of voices.

Heathcott appeared in the midst of it, pushing all aside until he stooped over the prostrate form.

"The wages of sin is death," chanted a voice, low and solemn.

The star from the wand scintillated back the rays of light, as it was raised to the sybil's lips.

Heathcott, starting forward, caught the glow of ruby velvet and the gleam of diamonds beneath her silken robe.

The two women had shared one faith.

Worthy of Him.

BY R. P. SMITH.

"HOW do you like her, Jud?"

Young Doctor Galbraithe looked up at his cousin a second before answering.

"If she were worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow. She is a girl that ten years from now will do honor to even a Galbraithe."

Alice was silent, and outside the open door, in the hall, Carmie had come all unheard in her slippered feet, but not unhearing, and stood silent also.

She was not vain, so felt a strange delight in this man's words, cruel and heartless as they were; but she was proud and sensitive, and her eyes flashed, and something of the superb power that Judson Galbraithe prophesied for ten years hence thrilled her as she stood there; then, nothing but a girl, she shivered as she thought how easily she she could have been won by this handsome, careless man of the world had she been wealthy—won, but not loved; and she crept quietly away, wondering if she could ever be anything to be proud of—anything but a poor, paid governess.

* * * * * *

"Thirty to-day? Once I should have considered myself old at this age, with the best of my life passed, and little before me to enjoy; but now I am very happy, thankful and content."

Carmie Brownell was looking across the blue sea waters, her hands resting upon the ceiling of the balcony, her calm, sweet face grave and thoughtful.

The climbing ivy and roses threw fluttering leaf-shadows and sunshine upon her tall, lithe form, and people on the beach below turned to look at the unconscious figure a second time.

"Who is she, Leicester?"

"Miss Brownell."

"Is that all there is to say of her?"

"No; I might talk a day or two of her, and you would be as little acquainted."

"You are unusually reticent. She must have incurred your lordship's displeasure, and you punish by ignoring her."

"We are good friends; but I knew that your questions were prompted by idle curiosity, and thought I would wait until you met her. She has won a fair fame and considerable wealth, I believe, by untiring patience and labor. She has triumphed over every obstacle, met trouble and disappointment that would have crushed a woman less brave, and now from it all she brings, instead of a cynical, selfish nature, one so thoroughly pure that men are made better for her living."

"She is wealthy, famous, but still unmarried?"

"Yes; even an old maid, if you like. But no one ever thinks of that."

Philip Leicester frowned, and there was a ring of displeasure in his sweet, strong voice.

It angered him to hear this cool questioning even from a friend.

Doctor Galbraithe, at his side, handsome, fascinating, world-wise, and a trifle worldly-wild, turned again to look at the white-robed figure.

They sauntered back an hour later, just as Miss Brownell tightened the reins over her high-stepping blacks.

"Those are magnificent animals, by Jove!" exclaimed Galbraithe.

"Yes; she handles them perfectly, too."

And Philip's dark eyes flashed, and a wonderful light swept over his face with the smile and bow he gave Carmie Brownell; while she gave a glance at both, but a smile to only one, as she dashed by.

And the second time that day the fastidious Judson Galbraithe turned to look at a woman.

He had quite forgotten her, however, until he saw her that evening in a little crowd in the large drawing-room.

Philip Leicester was one of the crowd, and Galbraithe made his way towards them to be introduced.

She rose, smiling, gracious, thoroughly a lady, with no pretence to girlishness.

There were valley lilies at her belt, valley lilies in the soft lace at her throat, and valley lilies in the loose, low-coiled hair.

Her eyes were clear, brave, tender; her face one that changed with every thought, but was ever pure and true.

The summer passed, as all summers have a way of doing, and one night, when the season was almost ended, Carmie Brownell stood upon the terrace in the moonlight, listening to the roar and moan of the waters.

Judson Galbraithe found her there, looking like some still, restful picture; but she turned with her old smile as he asked, "Did you come to escape the crowd?"

"No, for had the crowd been here I should have stayed, I love the sea much. I never dance, you know, and shall not be missed."

"I missed you, and searched until I found you—dreaming."

"Perhaps I am given to dreaming; but to-night I was thinking of my past life."

"Your past, like your present, is good to remember."

He spoke with a shade of bitterness; for what did hers make his own careless, worldly one appear?

"I was only thinking of the starting point. Shall we return?"

"Not unless you wish it; for I have wanted to see you alone, but have not been able to do so.

"You must know what it is I have to tell, for no man can be with you without learning to love and respect you.

"My life is not worthy to offer; but you can make me what you will.

"Oh, Carmie, I love you, I love you! Will you say that you care for me and will be my wife?"

His face was pale with the great passion which thrilled his soul, his eyes were burning and bright as they searched her face for one tender look, and his hands closed upon hers with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp; but she was looking away from his face, beyond the line of harbor lights and the very sea itself, as she answered, slowly, "Is it myself or my hundred thousand that you would marry?"

All the scorn and subdued feelings of those twelve years rang out in the clear, proud voice.

"Yourself! What do I care for your wealth? Come to me penniless; but for your love, I will work for both; only tell me I can, dearest."

"Wait until I repeat your words of twelve years ago.

"Let me show you how well I remember. You said of Carmie Brownell, a poor and friendless girl, 'Were she worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow.' I I am worth it now, and you come saying that you love me.

"Had you said so then, the girl Carmie would have believed with a faith the woman has not. I am glad you didn't say this then, even if you cared for me; you did me a greater service, for, after hearing your opinion of me I crept away, and after the first outbreak I determined to make my life worth living, even if it might never be worthy a Galbraithe;' and the words that wounded so cruelly at first proved the incentive and watchword to something better than I then dared dream.

"Years ago I should have considered your offer to me to-night the best of all, and would have thought myself avenged; but now I am only sorry that anyone should suffer through caring for me."

The sweet, earnest voice was silent; the waves moaned and sobbed on the sands below like some doomed, hopeless soul, and the music floated out to them wild and sweet—dying in a crash and wail of anguish.

"Is there no hope, that you have forgiven my foolish, mercenary words?

"Oh, Carmie, let me live for you, and prove my love by that!"

She turned with a face as white as his in the moonlight, and a look of pain in her grave eyes; then, very softly, with a world of saddened tenderness in her voice, "I am engaged to marry Philip Leicester; we have cared for each other a long time."

And then Leicester's tall form came upon the terrace.

He took Carmie's hand upon his arm, and drew her soft shawl around her with a proud air of possession; while Carmie ever thoughtful for this strong man's passion and the sorrow that had settled like darkness upon him, led Philip down the steps and away under the great calm stars and the moonlight walk in the glory of perfect love together.

WEST INDIA SUPERSTITIONS.—If one wishes to have the power of seeing jumbies, duppies, or ghosts, all that is necessary is to put in one's eye some of the water from the eye of a piebald horse. Some people are supposed to be able to change their appearance to that of a tree, rock, or animal—"rounce" is the term used to designate these. The accuracy of a gun is often spoiled by its being touched by a woman. This is often urged as an excuse for bad shooting. Fruit picked by a female is apt to be sour. An old gentleman gravely asserts that a cask of wine he was bottling was spoiled because a woman came into the cellar at the time. A piece of iron, such as an old bolt or pike, driven into a calabash tree prevents the fruit falling off before it is full grown. Smiths' coals put round a plot of yams or other vegetables injure any one who attempts to steal the crop. To secure a good crop of corn, sow it when there are "plenty stars" in the sky. A person who obtains possession of any of the hair of another has complete power over him or her. Negresses are very careful to collect and destroy the combings of their hair. Insects and reptiles bite more severely, or the effects of their bite are more severe at full moon. Headache can be cured by the patient standing in the sun with a bottle of water on his head. The water attracts the heat out of the brain and effects the cure. When it thunders, stones of a peculiar shape fall from the sky and are found on the ground.

To cure deafness, tell a man you've come to pay him money. It beats acoustic oil all hollow.

Scientific and Useful.

PRECIOUS STONES.—The ruby, sapphire, are simply modifications of one substance, alumina, which, as clay, forms a great part of the earth's surface.

THE HAIR.—To prevent the hair from falling out, the common application in Oriental countries is the bruised bulbs of the Asphodelus bulbosus, garlic or onions, mixed with gunpowder.

FOR STEAM PIPES.—A 90 per cent. mixture of disintegrated silicious shells found in certain mines, and about ten per cent. of hair and gluten, has been found to be an excellent non-conducting covering for steam pipes, etc. The material from the mines is first dried and calcined.

BRICKS FOR FURNACES.—French steam engineers deprecate the use of any bricks for the construction of furnaces except bricks which are very closely pressed and refractory, and which are glazed or suitably varnished on the outside. Most of the bricks hitherto employed have been so porous as to admit a very undesirable quantity of air.

ACTION OF ACIDS.—No mineral acid has any effect upon the tubercle-bacillæ discovered by Dr. Koch, the ectoderm being impenetrable by sulphuric or nitric acid. Alkaline solutions, however, soon become diffused throughout the interior of these parasites and rapidly destroy them—a fact which may prove of great practical importance in the treatment of consumptive patients.

PRESERVING MEAT.—A new method of preserving meat is to cause the heart of the animal to pump boracic acid into the tissues. For example, a sheep is stunned by a blow, and blood being withdrawn from the left jugular vein, a strong solution of boracic acid, kept at blood heat is injected. The heart of the still living animal quickly pumps the antiseptic fluid into all parts of the body, and the sheep is then killed in the usual way. The cost is slight, and the meat thus treated will keep several weeks in the heat of summer.

FISHING BY ELECTRICITY.—A French yachting paper gives a description of the new apparatus which is being used, with the permission of the the Government of that country, for fishing by electricity at night. It consists of a globe of glass, within which the electric light is shown. As to the globe, it is attached to a weight below and a float above, so that it can be raised or lowered to the desired depth. As soon as the carbons are ignited and the glass in proper position, all the sea in its vicinity is illuminated brilliantly, and the fish, over whom light is well known to exercise an irresistible influence at night, come eagerly, and sometimes in large schools, within the rays. It is then that other fishing-boats, armed with nets, come up and set to work at the unconscious victims.

Farm and Garden.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Every person who keeps chickens should raise garden peppers. A tea made by boiling them in water and added to boiled potatoes or corn meal dough is stated to be a sure preventive of cholera in fowls.

THE OLEANDER.—A scientific writer says all portions of the oleander are deadly. A very small quantity of the leaves has been known to kill a horse. The flowers have produced death in those persons who have carelessly picked and ate them. The branches, divested of their bark, and used as skewers, have poisoned the meat roasted on them, and killed seven out of twelve persons who partook of it.

PURIFYING CISTERNS.—For purifying cistern water, it is recommended to suspend in it a bag containing some good hard wood ashes, say one bushel to a cistern of one hundred barrels capacity. Allow the bag to remain in the water until all bad odor has passed away, and then remove it. If the ashes are strong in potash, the effect will be plain in a few days. If the ashes cannot be procured, an excellent substitute is found in what is commonly called "chameleon salt."

TAR WATER.—That there is virtue in odors has been shown by the effectiveness of smoke from burning tar in driving out of plum orchards injurious insects. And now it is said tar water will prevent potato bugs and cabbage worms. Take two quarts of gas tar in a pail, and fill the pail with water; stir it up well, and let the tar settle. Then sprinkle the vines with the water from a sprinkling pot. This has proven more effective than Paris green. It is inexpensive and perfectly reliable, and no doubt will prove equally sure death to insects of every kind on trees. This gas tar can be had for $1 a barrel, and one barrel would supply a whole township.

THE TREE-CROP.—The proper care of a tree-crop, requires its protection from injury. But we have left our forests unfenced, or, if we have enclosed them, it has been not so much for the sake of excluding destructive animals from them as for the purpose of making them pasture grounds for our cattle, where they have been free to range and feed upon whatever might please their taste. The tender buds, the green and succulent shoots, the young trees sprouted in Nature's seed-bed and started for the growth of a century, perhaps more, we have put at the disposal of the teeth and horns, and trampling hoofs of cattle. This has been regarded as a cheap way of feeding these animals. But there is no fodder for cattle so expensive as forest-fodder. Grass is cheaper than trees.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 1, 1882.

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FAREWELL.

In all the wide experiences of life, none are more fraught with pathos and tender solemnity than the parting of friends, the disbanding of the family circles, the life-long separations of which parting is but the prelude.

We all know what it is to lose the familiar form from our firesides; we know what it is to walk life's rugged pathway without the light of cherished features; to sing life's joyous measures, or chant her mournful dirges with the silver tones for ever silent to our listening ears.

What tender memories cluster about these absent ones, and the far-off, happy days; when life was new, and hearts beat high with hope and love! These halcyon days are so few, and soon we learn, little by little, what life is. Our childish hearts soon learned to know and feel the changes rung upon them by that sorrowful word—farewell!

If in our daily lives we could keep before our eyes and in our hearts the fact that, sooner or later, those dear to us, whom we feel to be necessary to our existence, would pass for ever beyond the sound of our voices; that the time would come when it would be too late to retrieve the past; how much more careful would we be in our daily intercourse with them! How many a rash, impatient word, that left a bitter sting, we would fain recall!

It is not enough to feel that we are forgiven; the memory lingers with us, absence intensifies our regret; and though it may magnify our errors, it cannot obliterate the effect from a noble mind.

The influences which we unconsciously exert on each other do not lessen materially through separation. In various ways are we subject to these influences. The sentiments of our friends echo forever in our heart. Across the chasm of the years they come—these silent visitors. In the dark watches of the night, when the events of bygone years come crowding up for review, we feel their potent influences.

Life is so short that there is not time for strife and tumult; but, alas! we rarely realize this until life's sorrowful separations have thrown their shadows over us. The seasons roll on in their mighty changes, and as we float with the current down the river of Time, we wave our hands across the rippling water in many a mute farewell.

The cares of life lie heavy on our hearts, as, one after another, our loved ones leave us. Whether they have gone to fill their places in the vast amphitheatre of life, and we know the sun, which lights up their vacant places, illumines their distant pathway; that the stars in our darkening skies glitter in golden beauty over their dear heads; or whether they are lying, cold and still, in their narrow beds, which the sunlight can never penetrate, or the stars illumine, we can bravely take up the life left us, with its duties and responsibilities, and leave the rest to Heaven. This it is our solemn duty to do.

If we would not have our lives a bitter failure, we must remember that not through weak repinings can we take up anew the threads of life, and weave them into a golden web which will endure through all eternity. Life holds much for us, with all its partings and long years of absence. There is always a rift in the dark cloud, but we must look up to see it.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE is an influential movement in London to provide the people with a better class of musical entertainments on a self-supporting basis. The concerts at which Lady Folkestone and others have played and sung, have been highly successful.

—

A WASHINGTON paper suggests that the custom of strewing flowers over the graves of our dead heroes on Decoration Day, could be improved by introducing the custom of planting flowering bushes, so that our silent acres of dead might be converted into gardens of bloom and verdure.

—

SLAVERY still exists in a modified form in Siam; but the youthful king, whose half-brother, Prince Prisdang, is soon to visit this country, has shown a strong disposition to abolish it as soon as he can do so without arousing the antagonism of the nobility. The English Government is to give him its moral support.

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THE Illinois Board of Health has decided that the diploma of a medical college will not entitle the bearer to practice in that State unless the college has a three years' course, requires dissection through two years, has clinics for two terms in each year, enforces attendance on eight-tenths of its lectures, and confers degrees only after examination.

—

AT a conference of those interested in assisting unemployed workmen, recently held in London, the Secretary stated that 5,000 workingmen had signed papers expressing a wish to emigrate; and a member of Parliament pointed out that at that the present time there were nearly 1,000,000 paupers in the United Kingdom, who cost a sum of $10,000,000. Resolutions were passed approving of the emigration of the unemployed.

—

KING JOHN, the monarch who rules Abyssinia with a rod of iron, is severely opposed to missionaries. He has banished a party of them who recently arrived at Massowah. These missionaries had distributed some Bibles among the natives, but, under the influence of the native priests, King John caused search to be made for these in the houses and huts. In cases where copies of the Bible were found the owners were chained and treated with great cruelty.

—

AN old-fashioned social club formed in Baltimore fifty years ago under the name of "Millers and Trampers," is about to be rejuvenated by the thirty members of whom it now consists. The principal treasure of this ancient organization is a gold-headed cane which descends in succession to the oldest member, provided he is not less than seventy years old. Where this condition is not fulfilled, the heirs of the last possessor hold the cane until his successor has attained the prescribed age.

—

A FASHION paper informs us that in England the face photograph albums are being discarded for the hand album. There is hardly a British belle who has not had her hand photographed, and there are enthusiasts who are raving over symmetrical hands and tapering fingers, and others who go so far as to assert that there is as much character discernible in the hand as in the face. "Musical hands," "unemotional joints," sensitive fingers," "appreciate finger-nails," "Vandyke finger-tips," and "thieves' thumbs" are discussed now-a-days.

—

A BERLIN newspaper mentions the case of a boy who fell sick and was found, after futile treatment for a long time, to have worms in one of his lungs that had unquestionably come come from a pet dog which he had been accustomed to fondle. Two dangerous surgical operations were necessary for the removal of the parasite, and the lad barely survived them. The journal advises parents generally to take note of this case, and not to allow their children to kiss their pet animals or fondle them too freely.

—

MEMBERS of the British House of Commons have sought to induce the British Museum authorities to keep open the museum at night, and have failed. In a memorial, signed by over two hundred of them, they prayed that the trustees would "take into their early consideration the best means of lighting the great national collection so as to enable it to remain open till 10 o'clock at night every week-day throughout the year." In reply the trustees say that at present they cannot face the risk and expense which the scheme would involve.

—

THE late Rev. D. Eglinton Barr, of St. Louis, bequeathed $5 to his daughter, and the rest of his property to public charities, saying that she had been separated from him from her childhood, and adding: "Her mother, from whom I obtained a divorce in 1865, having determined on the perfect alienation from me of said daughter, she has thus been nurtured among my personal enemies, has never lived with me, and I have failed to induce her to live among my friends, or to manifest even by correspondence the natural sympathy and affection of a daughter."

—

THE *Photographic News* reports: "They are going to try a strange experiment in Paris. The idea is to combine amusement with scientific instruction by producing at one of the theatres a series of scientific dramas. The Folies Dramatiques is the theatre chosen for the purpose, and the experiment is to commence during the summer months. Already three plays have been provided for this bold scheme, and their titles indicate plainly in what direction the audience is to be instructed. The first is called 'Denis Papin; or, the Invention of Steam as a Motor;' the second, 'Kepler; or, Astronomy and the Astrologer,' and the third is 'Gutenberg; or, the Invention of Printing."

—

THE English beauty's (Mrs. Langtry) leap from the concert hall to the royal presence, and then back again to the concert hall, has mortally offended the prejudices of the ancient dowagers in London. There is war between them and the modern mammas, and the salons of an afternoon are filled with clamorous suggestions of the different methods by which the recurrence of such mistakes may be avoided. The Prince of Wales laughs heartily at the fray. The Princess, who is still at a loss to comprehend the rules and regulations of English court etiquette, grows bewildered at the hubbub. Her Royal Highness herself created commotion by going out alone to dine at a Paris restaurant. In the meantime Mrs. Langtry finds consolation in $300 a week.

—

A MOST extraordinary series of coincidences was noticed in a horse car a day or two ago. Indeed, the occurrence was remarkable enough to upset all the rules that are generally accepted as governing chances and averages. Seven young ladies were perceived in the car, of whom not one had both gloves on, and none were wholly bare-handed. Of these four had gloves on their right hands, and three on their left; and in every instance the ungloved hand lay in the lap above the other. All of the seven bare hands had diamond rings upon them, and whenever any attentions were needed by the hair or raiment of the ladies, in every instance the ungloved hand was employed to bestow them, and in the necessary movements the stones flashed and glittered very much. And when, as happened in process of time the seven young ladies left the car one after another, four of them waved their left hands to the conductor to direct him to stop, and the other three agitated their right hands, and again the rings sparkled quite copiously. All of which was curious and interesting to the scientific mind.

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THE Pall Mall *Gazette* says: The burial of Mr. Darwin in Westminster Abbey has not unnaturally led French journalists to draw comparisons very much in favor of England between the attitude of the Church in relation to science in this country and across the Channel. *La France* recalls the fact that Mgr. Dupanloup refused to sit in the Academy by the side of M. Littre, and wonders what the wits of the sacristy who have cracked so many jokes about Darwin and apes will think of the honor paid to the great naturalist in the Abbey Church of Westminster. It sorrowfully admits that the case of Mr. Bradlaugh proves that the House of Commons exacts a legal hypocrisy, but it sees in the honor paid to Mr. Darwin an event of good augury, justifying a hope that, in spite of official pietism, the liberty of the human conscience may ere long be recognized in London. It may be remarked that in Paris the strife between science and the Church is so bitter that not only would no French Bishop have officiated at the burial of a man of science like Mr. Darwin, but if, by a miracle, such a prelate were to be found, his presence at the grave would be sufficient to ensure the absence of all scientific men from the ceremony.

—

MUCH complaint has heretofore been made in different parts of the country regarding the sparrow. To offset this, Ridgeway's "History of North America" says: "At the time of their introduction the shade trees of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newark, and other places, were greatly infested with the larvæ of the measure worms that destroyed the foliage; since then these worms have almost entirely disappeared. A doubt has been expressed as to whether the sparrow destroyed these insects. That they eat them in the larvæ form I do not know, but to their destruction of the chrysalis, the moth and the eggs I can testify, having been an eye witness to the act. Now that the sparrow is a familiar object to us all, many can testify to the same fact. Though the sparrow was introduced here about 1871, the worms continued to be a nuisance for several years until the increase of the sparrows insured the extinction of the worm. During those years, at a certain part of the summer, the air was full of small, light, yellow moths. The writer has watched the sparrows many an hour, and admired their dexterity in snapping up the moths. It was by destroying these moths, each of which was good for numberless eggs, that the sparrows earned our gratitude. He did not invade the castle of silk which the worm had erected on every bough and entangle his short bill in its suffocating web, but he devoured the fly in its season, and picked off the eggs at his leisure. He is the tree preserver. He should be an honorary member of the forestry convention."

APART.

BY MINNIE I. PAYNE.

How fair the countless stars send out their light,
Making the earth all radiant again;
But there was one, a dark and cloudy night,
When you were with me—it was brighter then.

It matters not how fair the stars shine now,—
I cared not then how dark the path we took
While you were guiding me; upon my brow
A rapture gleamed the starlight will not brook.

You did not know it—could not tell how warm
The blood thrilled upward when you drew so near;—
How sweet the world seemed—tho' o'erhead, the storm
Its clouds were breaking, joy kept out all fear.

Yes, it was bright, yet there were other times—
Once when you clasped my hand, and held it long.
Breathing—well, simple words, but my poor rhymes
Are all too poor to chain them into song.

Ah, e'en to-night, while I sit sad and lone,
How their remembered music thrill my soul!
Love, love, so far away, my weary moan,
Breaks it not through your sleep, a troubled ghoul

Methinks should I be sleeping 'neath this sky,
And you afar should sigh, but once for me,
'Twould find its echo in my heart, and I
Would fly to comfort you o'er earth or sea.

Yet would I not e'en now disturb your dream—
Let it be peaceful, though so far away.
May the stars shine, and guard you with their gleam,
I shall be joyful in a coming day!

The Old Farm-house.

BY F. C. ATTER.

"YOU'VE got a neat little spot here," remarked Farmer Hayes to his friend, Mr. Johnson.

The two old men were sitting on either side the rustic porch, that formed a kind of arbor to the front door of the dwelling.

The speaker was a spare, little man, with dark hair, thinly sprinkled with gray.

He wore a swallow-tail coat, adorned with brass buttons; corduroy breeches, fastened at the knee; thick blue worsted stockings encased his legs, and a pair of low shoes covered his feet.

Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man; his snowy hair and long white beard gave him a patriarchal appearance.

"You're right; this is a neat little spot. But I'll tell you what I've been a-thinkin' on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's agoin' to be married to Robert Meadows. She is my only child, so of course, she'll have all my belongings when I'm gone; but I've been a thinkin' that soon after she's settled I'll have a deed of gift drawn up, and turn everything over to her, then there'll be no proving the will, and all that fuss; and the lawyers won't have a pickin' out o' my bit o' property. I shall live here, and be master just the same. What do you say to that, friend Hayes?"

The old man put a hand on each knee, and gazed into the other's face with an expression which said, "Don't you think it's a very brilliant idea?"

His friend took the pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head dubiously; then replaced it between his lips, and gazed fixedly before him for an instant ere he answered; then he said, slowly and emphatically, "I don't like it."

He shook the ashes from his pipe, and began leisurely to fill it again with tobacco.

"I never seed a play but once," he began, in slow, measured tones, "and that was many years ago, when I was a young man. I was in London, and my friends persuaded me to go to the theatre to see a grand piece that had been made up by a great man hundreds of years ago. Well, I went, and the sight o' the light, the gay dresses, and the flash folks I shall never forget. But it was the play that struck me. There was a good old king who had three daughters, and he thought he would divide the kingdom amongst them. They was very pleased; the eldest went down on her knees and swore how she loved him more than anybody else; and said as how he was the kindest, noblest, and best father that ever lived, or words summat like them. The next said about the same, only a great deal more; but I thought both of them looked too big and handsome and wide-awake to stick to their word. The third daughter said very little; but I thought she was the nicest-looking of all the lot. The king was vexed because she would not own she loved him. So he divided the kingdom between his two oldest daughters. I thought he was a silly old fellow to put the reins into them spirited-looking creatures hands. But he did it, and he rued it. They treated him very well at first; but after a time began to alter, and let him know that he was not master. Well, one night they turned him out of the castle, when there was such a dreadful storm that it was not fit to turn a dog out; and he who had once been a king had to roam about like a beggar. The poor man went nearly crazed; but I think they was all killed at last."

"And what has this to do with what I was saying?" inquired Mr. Johnson, testily. "I was talking about deeds of gift, and not plays."

The other began to smoke, puff, puff; after a few minutes the full meaning of his friend's words dawned slowly upon his mind.

"Well, I was a-thinking as how, when Jane got possession of the house, she might, maybe, after a bit turn you out, as the king's daughter turned him out. Keep the reins in your own hands, man—you can draw them tight or let them loose when you please; but don't give them up till you die. That's my advice, friend Johnson."

There was a little flash of anger in the other's eyes as he replied:

"You don't know my Jennie; she's the loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever lived. She would never wrong her father."

In the meantime Jennie and her lover were in the orchard at the back of the house, slowly walking up and down the path between the trees.

The moon was brightening in the purpling sky, and the evening star glimmered faintly.

"When two more days have passed you will be my wife!"

The young man looked down lovingly into the shy, dark eyes raised to his, and clasped the hand that rested on his arm.

"I am so glad, Robert, that I shall not have to leave my home," she said, after a pause; "for I was born here, and here my mother died. It was very kind of father to propose that we should live with him. Now you can keep all the money in the bank that you have been saving so long to buy furniture with, and if we are careful we shall add some more to it."

"Your father is very good, Jennie; we must be kind to him."

The wedding-day arrived.

Mr. Johnson was placed in the seat of honor; he moved among the guests, with a kind word and a cheery greeting for all.

Jennie was a blooming, bonnie bride, and seemed proud of her stalwart husband.

Jennie was installed as housekeeper in her father's home.

After a time, Mr. Johnson presented his daughter with the deed of gift, and the young people were formally acknowledged as master and mistress of the farm, with the understanding that Mr. Johnson was to reside with them.

All went well for a time; then gradually there came a change over the serene atmosphere of the dwelling, and the old man became conscious that he was no longer treated with courtesy, nor his wishes respected.

"Would you mind sleeping in the back bed-room for a few weeks, we have a visitor coming?" inquired Jennie, one morning about six months after the wedding.

The old man stared in great surprise.

"Why can't the visitor go into the back room?" he asked.

"Oh, it's such a little poky place! I don't mean that exactly!" she exclaimed, checking herself in confusion. "The room is very clean, and there is really a beautiful view from the window, and a good feather bed. But Miss Martin is very particular; she has such a grand home that we cannot put her anywhere."

Mr. Johnson leisurely crossed his legs, put his newspaper on the table, took his spectacles off, rubbed them put them in the case, then slowly rejoined, "if there is such a fine view from the window, your visitor may enjoy it, and she can sleep on the feather bed. I've slept in the front room five and forty years, and I ain't a-going to be turned out now.

If Miss Martin ain't satisfied with the accommodation she may stay away!"

"Stay away, indeed!" fired Jennie. "It's just like you, father. I call you very selfish."

She hastily left the room, shutting the door with great violence.

The old man took up the newspaper, but words ran into one another, for large tears gathered in his bright, gray eyes, and his lips quivered painfully.

Miss Martin came, and informed Jennie that her father was the most aristocratic-looking gentleman she had ever seen; but during her stay Mr. Johnson was subjected to many slights, as Jennie and her husband were ashamed of some of his old-fashioned ways.

One evening, Mr. Johnson returned from the village, where he had spent the day with a friend.

He walked leisurely up the garden path, but suddenly paused, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

A fine hawthorn tree, which had stood near the house, and had been full of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon the ground.

On examining it, he discovered that it had been cut off near the root.

He turned hastily to enter the house by the front door, when he observed that the monthly rose tree, which had twined the porch and been full of bloom all summer, lay across the garden path, cut into a number of pieces, and an attempt had been made to dig it up by the roots.

"Robert!—Robert!" cried Mr. Johnson.

"What's the matter?" queried a voice from an inner room.

"Who's been cutting them down?" cried the old man, excitedly, entering the apartment, and waving his hand towards the garden.

"I have," answered Mr. Meadows, complacently.

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I chose to."

"There, don't quarrel," said Jennie. "It's all my fault, father.

"The hawthorn tree was close to the parlor window, and made the room dark, so I asked Robert to cut it down.

"The rose tree is not much good; we are going to have a finer one put in its place."

"That hawthorn tree your mother set with her own hands, and the rose tree I planted on the day you were born. Your mother loved them both, and Heaven forgive you for what you have done!"

He turned away, ascended the stairs, entered his own room, and closed the door.

"If Farmer Turner calls, just send round for me, will you, Jennie?" asked Mr. Meadows, one morning, at breakfast. "He's coming to look at old Bettie."

"Yes; I'll send," replied his wife.

"What's the matter with the cow?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, nothing," replied the young man. "I'm going to sell her."

"Sell her?" repeated the other.

"Yes; she's old, and don't give much much. I'm going to buy a young one in her place.

"Jennie's been complaining of the butter for a long time; it don't come up to our neighbors'."

"But I won't have her sold!" cried the old man, angrily.

"You have nothing to do with her. She is mine, and I shall do as I like," rejoined the other, haughtily, as he rose to leave the room.

Mr. Johnson turned to the window without uttering another word.

A few hours later he saw Farmer Turner's man driving old Bettie out of the yard.

"Ah, it's the one she used to milk!" he soliloquized.

And tears gathered thickly in his eyes as he watched his late wife's favorite cow driven by a stranger.

"Here's a letter from my sister Jane," remarked Mr. Johnson, one afternoon, to his daughter.

"Poor thing, her husband has been dead only two months.

"The bailiffs have sold her furniture; she is destitute, and is staying with a neighbor for a few days, and then she don't know where to go to.

Poor Jane!" mused the old man, as a dreamy look came into his eyes and his thoughts reverted to the past.

"She was a pretty girl when she was young, and many a handsome fellow came after her.

"But she took no heed to any, except Tom James, who became her husband. Then she had such a pretty blue-eyed child with soft golden hair.

"She lived to be six years old, then died. I thought Jane would have broke her heart.

"Then her son grew up to be a fine man, and was a-going to be married in a week.

"But one morning he tried to stop a horse and wagon that was running away, when the horse threw him down, the wheel went over his head, and killed him on the spot. And now her husband's gone, and she's left alone. Poor Jane!

"No; I've been thinking we'd better have her here. She can't starve."

"Have her here!" repeated his daughter, in astonishment. "What can you be thinking about, father? There's plenty of us to keep already."

She broke her cotton with a jerk, and threaded her needle impatiently.

"We're going to have company this afternoon," resumed Jennie, after a pause, in a conciliatory tone; "and as they are very fine people, I think you'd better have your pipe in the kitchen, father. You would not enjoy yourself with us."

"Very well, my dear," he answered, quietly.

He put his slippered feet on the fender, and gazed over his gold-rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire.

"I've been thinking, my dear," he resumed, quietly, after a pause, "that there's a little error in that deed of gift."

"An error?" repeated Jennie, as she dropped her work, and looked up with a scared, white face.

"Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It wouldn't be pleasant for you if the property was to be thrown into Chancery after I'm gone, would it?"

"Oh, father!"

"Well, fetch the deed down to me; I'll look it over, and set all right."

Jennie hastened upstairs, and soon returned with the precious paper.

The old man took it in his hand, smoothed out the creases gently, read it over, and said, "Ah, it is all one great mistake!" Then, with a quick movement, he threw the document into the blazing fire, and pressed it down with the poker.

Jennie screamed, and darting forward, attempted to rescue the deed from the devouring flames; but her father held up his hand sternly, and said, in a tone of authority, "Stand back!"

At this instant Mr. Meadows entered. "What's the matter, Jennie?" he inquired. "Father, what have you been doing to her?" The young man confronted Mr. Johnson, who stood with the uplifted poker in his hand.

"I am master of this house!" cried the old man; "and I'll allow no one to dictate to me!"

"We'll soon see about that!" exclaimed the other sneeringly. "If you're going to put on such fine airs, I'll have you turned out.''

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" cried his wife; "the deed—the deed——"

An hysterical fit of weeping checked her utterance.

"What do you mean?" queried her husband, with a white face, and a touch of fear in his tone.

"Father burnt it!"

"Father is master of his own house, and will have you turned out if you don't behave yourself!" returned the older man.

Angry words passed.

Robert declared that he would go to law; he would not be done out of his rights—the house was his and Jennie's."

"Prove it!" grimly retorted his father-in-law. "You may have your company this afternoon, Jennie," he continued, after a pause, "but it will be your last party in my house. I shall send for Farmer Hayes, and we shall enjoy our pipes together this evening, in the best parlor, as we did before you were married. As for you, Robert, you haven't provided a home for Jennie at present; but you'll have to do so now. There's a cottage to let in the village, which I think will suit you. A month from to-day I shall expect you to be clear from my house; and you needn't think I shall do any more for you. What I mean to give you—if I give you anything at all—you'll have to wait for until I'm dead. No more cutting down my favorite trees, or selling my old cows, or making me sit in the kitchen when you've got fine company. I'll send for my sister Jane, and she shall have a home with me as long as she lives."

Jennie's first feelings were those of wounded pride and humiliation; but gradually a better influence began to work upon her.

She reviewed the last twelve months of her life, and was startled to find how selfish, arrogant and unfeeling she had been. The love she felt for her father in her girlhood's days, slowly revived; and he, perceiving that she had truly repented, and that her affection for him was not feigned in the hope of gain at some future time, forgave her and her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Meadows took possession of the little cottage; and their father frequently reminded them that he intended "to hold the reigns till he died."

Jane dwelt at the farm-house, and passed away at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Mr. Johnson lived ten years after her, retaining all his faculties to the last, and died in his ninety-ninth year.

Jennie and her husband had to work very hard in order to bring up their large family respectably.

Robert's hair was silvery white, and Jennie's thickly streaked with gray, and their sons and daughters were men and women, when the formerly ungrateful couple again took possession of the old farm-house.

All's Well That Ends Well.

BY N. Y. M.

"BUT, Amy darling, you didn't used to regard your long-established engagement to Mr. Cecil Faulkner with such horror. Before our summer tour I remember your being rather satisfied on the subject than otherwise."

So spoke Blanche Hartley, half consolingly and half in remonstrance with her bosom friend Amy Clifford, who had just declared her utter wretchedness to the prospect of meeting her betrothed husband for the first time since they were children together.

"Satisfied!" echoed that young lady, with a tragically-injured air; "oh, Blanche, how can you say such a thing? The idea of a girl of any delicacy or even decency being satisfied that she had been bartered away like a house, or a barn, or cattle, or—or anything, just because there chanced to be an old family lawsuit that could be conveniently settled by marrying her to one of the litigants.

"It's shocking—it's barbarous!"

"So it is, dear, if you work yourself up in that way, and make quite sure of being a martyr," assented Blanche; "but really I can't recall your feelings thus until lately. Now don't look annoyed, Amy, but you actually laughed last spring when you heard that Cecil Faulkner meant to remain abroad six months longer, and said you congratulated him on his cool common sense, and yourself on not having to go through with the sentimental rubbish of falling in love, and being proposed to, and all sorts of absurd formalities."

"I must have been beside myself!" broke out Amy, in great agitation.

"I can't conceive I uttered such a dreadful thing.

"I—I—oh, it is dreadful!" she exclaimed, in a burst of tears.

Blanche flew to her friend's aid with protestations of loving sympathy; but in the midst of her solicitude she could not help the recurrence to her mind of an odd coincidence, namely, a certain adventure of Amy's during the summer tour to which she had just alluded, and her newly-aroused antipathy to her long-standing engagement.

The adventure and the feeling of repugnance both dated—as far as Blanche had been able to discover—from the very selfsame day and hour, hence that young lady's lively interest, not to say curiosity, in the subject.

The bachelor grand-uncle, whose will, in both senses of the word, had settled his orphan niece's matrimonial affairs, had left her at his own sudden death years before, the ward of Mr. Hartley, the father of her chosen friend.

Mr. Faulkner, her future husband, she had known as cousin Cecil (they were distantly related), and he had passed a summer with her in her uncle's lifetime, when she was a small girl of six and he an overgrown lad of fifteen.

Since then he had been abroad mostly, and while like herself he calmly accepted the arrangements made for his future, he had shown no ardor in hastening the affair toward consummation until, as it unfortunately fell out, the subject had become so obnoxious to his fiancée.

But as Blanche remembered and puzzled over it, this opposition began with the adventure during their summer's wandering among the mountains, and it chanced in this wise—

One day, having become unconsciously separated from the rest of the party, she had clambered up a rather precipitous cliff for the sake of possessing herself of a spray of brilliant flowers growing there.

Arrived at the height she found what appeared little more than a rocky crevice separating it from her grasp.

A single bound would reach it, and she was not one to be deterred by trifles; therefore, placing her foot on what seemed to be solid crag, she sprang over, but discovered, to her horror and alarm, that she had barely cleared a yawning chasm down which the

tottering boulder her light foot had displaced (she had believed it to be immovable), went crashing and thundering to the abyss below.

In fear and peril she clung to her uncertain footing, until a young man, clad like a woodsman, with a rifle and game-bag slung behind him, and a loose coil of rope thrown round his waist, came promptly and most opportunely to her rescue.

He had been ascending an adjacent height with wary eye and practiced foot, and had witnessed her disaster from a short distance.

His action was at once swift and effective.

Planting the rifle-stock downward as a support in the intersecting soil, he carefully and yet hurriedly made his way to her side, and by the aid of the rope and prop drew her from her perilous suspension over the yawning depths below.

He was barely in time.

Her strength was nearly gone, and in a moment more she had fainted, and lay lifeless and beautiful in his powerful arms.

When she recovered she found herself in a curious sort of cabin, on the open hearth of which her rescuer was fanning a great fire to ruddy brightness.

The hut itself, and all it contained, was remarkable for a blending of the rude and artistic, a union of luxury and primitive simplicity.

The couch on which she was stretched was formed of pine boughs, covered with a magnificent rug of white foxes' skins, lined with scarlet cloth.

There was an old man-servant visible through the open door when Amy recovered her consciousness.

As he entered the cabin with an armload of dried boughs she endeavored to raise herself to a sitting posture.

The young stranger looked up quick from his task at the fire, and then hastened to her side with a glass of spiced and heated wine, which he entreated her to swallow.

She obeyed, and felt much strengthened by it.

So much indeed as to recover her voice and begin to thank her deliverer with all the trembling ardor of one lately escaped from mortal peril.

He flushed with pleasure at the sound of her praises, even while he modestly shrank from receiving them.

"It was a blessed chance for me. I only did what any man must and would have done in my place," he said.

But he added, in a deep earnest tone, almost under his breath,

"I thank Heaven that I had the opportunity."

It was some time before she was sufficiently restored to calmness to tell him how she had reached the spot and where she had left the party.

It was still longer before she was able to leave the hut, and by the light of the newly-risen moon proceed downwards toward the hotel, a distance, by the circuitous route necessary for an easy descent, of some miles.

When at last they arrived there, and he had consigned her to the care of her much-excited friends, the hero of her adventure hastily disappeared, without permitting himself to be thanked or lionized in the least.

Nor could he be afterwards discovered, though half-a-dozen attempts were made to reach the cabin by Mr. Hartley and other gentlemen under Amy's directions.

But all in vain.

"There must have been something very mysterious about that evening's descent from the undiscoverable abode of this mountain hero," ruminated Blanche Hartley, as she sat beside her friend, who still held the open note in her hand that announced the coming of Cecil Faulkner to claim his destined bride.

It was this note, by the way, that had occasioned the excited protest of Amy against her unhappily decided fate.

"Yes, yes," Blanche went on mentally; "that evening seems to have changed my darling Amy's whole after life; and what she before accepted, if not joyfully at least with satisfaction, has become a horror to her to contemplate.

"These tears are wrung from the depths of a wretched heart, and I, what can I do to help or save her?"

"Oh Blanche, my kind loving friend, you pity me; I see you do.

"Save me from this terrible—this wicked marriage."

"Save you, my dearest Amy?" echoed Blanche, startled by her earnestness.

"What can I do? Only tell me, and test my will to help you. But, dear friend"—she could not conquer her amazement at the singular revulsion of feeling and change of sentiment—"why and how has it become wicked for you to marry Cecil Faulkner?

"Your old uncle was a good honorable man, and never could have designed to make you do a wrong act."

With a face by turns scarlet with blushes and pallid with strong emotion, Amy tried to explain what she was at the same time desirous of concealing.

"We are not able to give or keep our hearts at will, and I am—that is, I cannot—I mean to say it is impossible for me to marry Mr. Faulkner.

"The solemn vows would be a mockery uttered by me.

"I should be false to myself, unfair to him.

"Oh, please do not look at me so, Blanche.

"I was very young and ignorant last spring, when I—I laughed about my marriage being made for me.

"I am——"

"Just seven months older, Amy," suggested Blanche, a little piqued at not being confided in when she more than suspected a secret, and still laboring under the idea that some revelation ought to be made concerning that wonderful mountain walk.

"Seven months are sometimes equal in their experiences and teaching to seven years," said Amy, in a low and tremulous tone.

She was striving hard to repress her emotion.

Blanche was touched by the tremor of her voice, and spared her further confession.

She put her arms round her lovingly with the question—

"How can I serve you, dearest Amy? I promise unconditionally to do anything in the world——"

Ere she had finished the sentence, Amy's golden curls—Blanche had drawn her head over to rest on her shoulder—caught the gas from a projecting sidelight, and suddenly blazed up in a whiz.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried the incomprehensible girl.

The fire was extinguished almost instantly.

Two or three weeks' growth, and the use of a fringe of false frizzes would meantime remedy all the evil done.

But Amy, who seemed to look upon herself as bald for life, kept on exclaiming—

"I am so glad. Am I not hideous? Am I not scarred, and blistered, and horrid-looking?

"Oh, I hope so. Do tell me."

Her desire to be all she spoke of was so evident and genuine that Blanche herself—a very pretty girl, with a feeling sense of the value of good looks—could only gaze at her in amazement.

Amy was a beauty, an acknowledged and undeniable beauty, and a blonde; her friend was a brunette of a less pronounced order of loveliness, but sufficiently blessed with good looks to prevent a shadow of envy or ill-feeling on the question.

Amy was something rarer than even a beauty.

She knew she was handsome—as what lovely girl does not?—yet she had not a particle of silly vanity about her.

Though she valued her good looks, and even took care of them, she did it in a natural sensible way, and was frank enough to acknowledge it.

"Do you want to look hideous?" gasped Blanche.

"Yes, dearest, just for this once," returned Amy.

"Cecil Faulkner has an absolute horror of ill looks.

"This fire that has burnt off my hair and skinned by forehead, is providential, and I am devotly thankful."

To fulfil her rather exaggerated description of the small conflagration, she was trying hard, as it seemed, to rub the skin off her forehead and pluck the remainder of the golden rings of hair from her beautiful brow.

Blanche caught the destructive hands, and burst into an almost hysterical fit of laughter.

"Spare the poor dear forehead," she exclaimed, kissing it tenderly.

"If you really want to look ugly, Amy, we will manage it without flaying you alive; though I must confess," she added, as she gave the lovely face, on which a new hope began to dawn, an admiring glance—"I must confess it will be rather difficult to thwart Nature where she has shown such determination."

But Amy was too eagerly interested in the evident plan that had taken possession of Blanche's mind to be conscious of the compliment implied by her words.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Cecil Faulkner had made his coming known in due form, first to Amy, then to the Hartley family, who were fully prepared to receive him, although, as it fell out unfortunately, on the eve of his arrival Mr. Hartley was unavoidably absent from the city, and Mrs. Hartley confined to her room by a severe headache.

An aunt of that lady's—an amiable but hopelessly-deaf person—usually acted as chaperone in such a case, and now sat knitting in her special corner, by her special light, while at the announcement of Mr. Faulkner's name, Miss Blanche Hartley stepped forth to him.

She had somewhat received the idea in connection with his intensely-fastidious tastes, that he was himself a presentable, if not attractive young man.

The first glance changed her mind.

His form was well enough, though his dressing was peculiar and his movements fearfully awkward; but all lesser defects were swallowed in the actual glare of his red head and whiskers, and the staring contrast both presented to an immense pair of blue spectacles, underneath which, to complete the national colors, he made a liberal display of a prodigious white shirt-collar.

Simpering and bobbing his head in a series of nervous bows, by way of reply to Blanche's courteous welcome, this queer-looking "worshipper at the shrine of beauty," as some one had told Amy he professed himself to be, backed into a corner and sat down.

According to an arranged plan of her own, Blanche then asked Mr. Faulkner, who persisted in retaining his hat twirling it awkwardly in his hands, if he remembered Amy as a child, and if he thought she promised to be pretty at that time—to both of which questions he blundered an unintelligible answer.

"I should prepare your mind for the effect of her late accident then, I presume," pursued Blanche; "or perhaps you have not heard of the fire?"

A start, another clumsy movement, and more guttural murmurings on Mr. Faulkner's part.

"Good gracious!" soliloquised Blanche, almost unable to hide her surprise; "what a dreadful stupid creature to pretend to be a man of taste, who has traveled for years, and studied art and nature, and all sorts of things! It doesn't seem worth while have gone to any trouble to make him refuse Amy. No one could blame her for not accepting him."

But this was said internally; aloud she continued, with what must be allowed to be a very reprehensible twisting of the truth to serve her purpose.

"It was not a terrible affair—its consequences were not so terrible as they might have been—but certainly Miss Clifford is painfully altered. A person cannot lose their hair and injure their eyes, and have their complexion spoiled, and their teeth loosened, and the shape of their nose and mouth altered, without its telling on their appearance, though, as I say, it certainly might have been worse, and—and—and——"

Seeing the gentleman rolling his eyes in a rather alarming manner, and being a novice in getting up deceptions, and rather ashamed of this her first attempt, Blanche almost broke down at this point, and backed out somewhat hastily.

She found Amy trembling and much excited, and it was not without difficulty that both recovered so far as to be able to go on with the scene.

When Blanche re-entered the drawing-room, accompanied by her friend, they found Mr. Faulkner standing ready to receive them.

He was in the shadow, and so it was necessary for Blanche to lead Amy into the light, which she did reluctantly; for being, as has been said, a neophyte in deceit, her first attempt was not a perfect deception.

If in putting a wig of short wiry corkscrew curls over Amy's superabundant hair, she had meant to destroy the beautiful contour of her shapely head, she had succeeded.

And the great green shade was equally effective in hiding her velvety brown eyes; but all the added marks intended to simulate the distortion and blistering of fire were useless attempts to mar the peerless complexion.

The Grecian nose asserted its perfection boldly; the exquisitely-shaped mouth displayed its gems of shining white teeth; and the rosy lips could not conceal their delicate beauty.

Without a word, the awkward suitor took the beautiful hand that trembled at his touch, and led the undisguisable beauty to the seat beneath the side light.

As she seated herself, by some contrivance the gaslight caught the corkscrew curls, and up they went—this time in a regular blaze—whiz! whiz!

But awkward as he was—or rather as he had appeared—Cecil Faulkner seized and extinguished the blaze—in the oddest way possible.

Why, he just whisked the wig off of her head, and with it the big green shade.

At the same moment—and, as it might have seemed, by the same motion—off came his own wig and glasses; and oh, what a change!

Words can't depict it; only sight could realize it.

And something more too, for Mr. Cecil Faulkner and the mountain hero were one and the same person, as Amy—glad, happy, proud, thankful and tearful Amy—saw at the very first glance, and his awkwardness and bashful stammering disappeared with his wig and glasses, and left behind as manly and noble a young man as ever, with the aid of Heaven, saved a lovely young girl's life and almost idolized her afterwards.

Mr. Hartley and his wife were both in the joke with Faulkner from the first, and told him now Blanche and Amy meant to disgust him with the latter's loss of beauty.

He had been in correspondence, secretly with them since his mountain encounter with his betrothed, and had learned from them her very (to his satisfaction) decided change of feeling toward the old engagement since she had been rescued from death by the stranger.

He delayed announcing himself for the sake of testing that feeling; and learning that his intense and professed love of the beautiful in nature was to be used against him by Blanche and Amy, he retorted by a disguise as silly as their own.

"All's well that ends well."

And to have seen Amy's radiant face that happy evening, as she sat between her friend and her lover, was to realize all the meaning in that old proverb.

"So now I know why you changed your mind about Cecil Faulkner, Amy," whispered Blanche.

"Yes, darling, but I never dreamed that he was the noble fellow who rescued me from that frightful chasm."

"Of course not, but to pay me for all my useless trouble, and that wonderful wig your Cecil burnt up so coolly, pray tell me all about that mountain walk——"

"Hush, dearest!" pleaded Amy, blushing.

"Wait until next summer, when you will find a mountain hero of your own."

KNOWLEDGE is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Each one, therefore, should not spend his days in gathering materials, and so live and die without a shelter.

THE CAST OF THE DIE.

This story is authentic. It is found in the memoirs of a Prussian officer of distinction, who gives a simple, unaffected narrative of the scenes and events through which he passed, and who betrays nowhere the least disposition to exaggerate.

The following remarkable incident he gives as it came under his own observation.

He was at the time on the staff of General Winterfield, one of the most skilful and competent captains of his day, and Winterfield was the general in command at the time spoken of.

Two soldiers had been condemned to death.

In a drunken condition at night they had assaulted an officer of the line, and one of them had drawn a knife upon him, but which one could not be told.

The officer had seen the knife, but he could not positively say which of the twain held it. And the men themselves did not know.

Neither of them remembered anything about it.

So both of them were condemned to be shot.

They were both excellent soldiers, and only one of them had been guilty of using a weapon.

The officers of the division, including him who had been assaulted, asked that the men might be pardoned.

At length Winterfield said he would pardon one of them. Only one had held a knife, and only that one ought to die. He would pardon one, and the men themselves must decide which of them should be shot.

How should the decision be made?

"Let us shake the dice," said one of the condemned.

And the other agreed to it. And upon it was agreed to by all interested.

The two men took their places at the side of a big drum, and were to throw the dice upon its head.

Two dice were given them, and a proper box for shaking.

The first man threw two sixes. He groaned in agony. He felt that he had consigned his comrade to death.

But when the other one came to throw, he also threw two sixes.

"Wonderful!" cried the lookers on.

They were ordered to shake and throw again.

This time the second man threw first—two aces.

"Ho! Good! You will live Peter."

But when Peter came to throw, the dice presented those same two aces.

And now the beholders were wonder-stricken, indeed.

Another throw was ordered, and Peter threw a five and a deuce. The other threw—five—deuce.

After the excitement had again subsided the men shook once more. The first threw two fours.

"Oh! now throw fives, and save yourself, Peter."

Peter threw—two fours.

At this point the colonel ordered them to stop.

He went and reported the marvellous result to Winterfield. Said he, "Clearly, General, Providence will have those two men to be saved."

And saved they were. The general cared not to oppose the wonderful fate of the dice. It did seem providential, and so he accepted it.

And the redeemed soldiers lived to prove that the saving fate had given back to Prussia two of the very best and bravest of her sons.

THE VALUE OF VEGETABLES.—All vegetables have an effect on the chemistry of the body, so that we cannot speak too highly of their importance at table. We will mention a few of these matters first, and dispose of this aspect of the subject. Asparagus is a strong diuretic, and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that which a French lady will order for herself after a long and tiring journey. Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked in passing, that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion,—the outer, a red layer, is tender enough. In Savoy, the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large, sweet onion is very rich in those elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth, and eaten with a little Nepaul pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflower have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank you for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article. Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people; but here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnip badly, and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. Half boil your turnip, and cut it in slices like half-crowns. Butter a pie dish, put in the slices, moisten with a little milk and weak broth, dust once with bread-crumbs and pepper and salt, and bake in the oven till it gains a bright golden brown. This dish, which is the Piedmontese fashion of eating turnips, is quite unsuited to cows, and ought to be popular.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

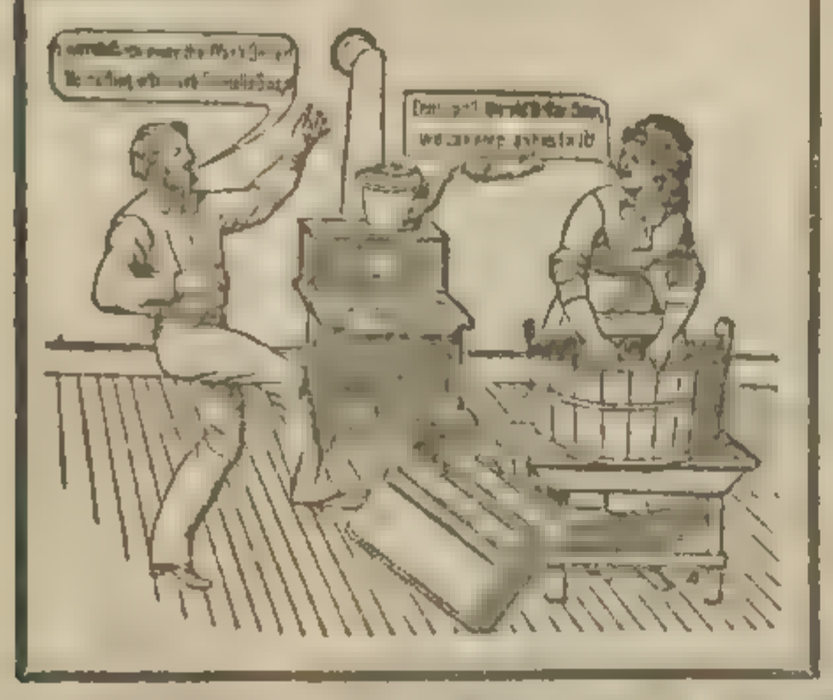
HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜



HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how cold it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out sometimes to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap, DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little cold water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out and is done as follows—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *A housekeeper will soon just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water when it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will not smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

PIPPIN AND DOFFIN.

BY J. B. H.

"OH, Pippin! it is such a fine day for our picnic!"

Doffin said this, as she opened the window of her bedroom early one summer morning and glanced up at the beautiful blue sky.

"Do get up, Pippin; it's such a lovely day!"

Pippin turned over very lazy, opened first one eye and then another, and finally sat up in bed, yawning a good deal.

Presently she joined Doffin at the window and stood lost in wonder.

It was the first time she had ever seen a real early summer morning, with the dew glistening in great drops on the grass, the flowers slowly unfolding themselves, and the birds singing away joyously.

Then there came such a sweet odor of hay from the meadows, mixing with perfume of the roses and lilies in the garden; such a cheerful lively hum of voices from the farmyard, where Jim was getting out Might and Majesty, the two great farm-horses, and presently the merry music of their bells was heard tinkling down the lane, while the hens and chickens chatted away to each other merrily.

And over and above all was the sweet freshness to be felt at five o'clock on a summer's morning.

Pippin and Doffin stood at the open window, enjoying it all very much.

Their real names were Alice and Ethel Lee, and they had come on a visit to their aunt and uncle at Two Elm Farm because their own mother was very ill, and their father had to take her away to the south of France, where the weather was warm and bright, and Pippin and Doffin were sent on a long-promised visit to Uncle Fred and Aunt Louie.

The first day they felt very sad and solitary.

Betty, their old nurse, had gone with their mother, and Barbara, Aunt Louie's servant, was always in such a hurry that the children seemed afraid to speak to her.

Their aunt was whisking about the house too, in the stiffest holland gown and the primmest cap; and Uncle Fred and Jim seemed to be always so busy that they had not a moment to take notice of the two little strangers, nor there did not seem to be one single thing or girl about Two Elm Farm, with Tiger, Uncle Fred's dog, so ill-used very suspicious and scared as if one didn't think much of little girls in general, and of Pippin and Doffin in particular.

After a day or two the first shyness wore off, and the children found they might ramble about the garden all day, and play just as much as they liked, and Barbara was not really cross or unkind a bit, only very busy with the haymaking.

It was Uncle Fred's farm all round in every direction, and so long as they kept in the new-mown meadows, or wide, rambling old-fashioned garden, they were quite safe, and Aunt Louie was not uneasy about them.

One day, when they had been about a week at the farm, Barbara said, "You can have a picnic to-morrow, if you like, miss."

"I'll pack you a nice little basket, and you can go off to the fields to gather flowers, and take your dinner under the trees."

Doffin fairly danced for joy.

That was just what she had been wanting to do ever so much, and at five o'clock next morning she was awake and thinking about it.

The truth was, Barbara and Aunt Louie had a great many things to attend to that day, and did not want to be troubled with little people trotting in and out asking questions, and that was the reason of the picnic; but of course the children did not know that.

"We're not going to have breakfast in the fields too, are we, Doffin?" Pippin asked, after a long look out of the window.

"No, I'm afraid not!"

"Then let's go back to bed again till Barbara calls us, and leave the window open so that we can see the birds and hear them talking."

And Doffin thought that was, perhaps, the best thing to do and the easiest way of passing the time, for it would be 'ught o'clock before they got any breakfast.

It seemed a very, very long morning, but it was over at last.

Barbara washed away the breakfast-things, then went into the dairy, and from there to the pantry, and last as the children were dying to think she had forgotten all about the promised basket she came with it.

"Now then, my ladies, away to the fields with you, and don't come back till sundown.

"Keep near the haymakers, and if you look round I should think you'll find strawberries on the banks down there, and flowers in plenty.

"Don't eat all your lunch at once, or you'll be hungry later on."

Doffin took the basket (how heavy it was, and how she longed for a peep at its contents!) and with Pippin beside her, walked gravely down the lane, Barbara standing at the door watching them.

"They're not like young folk at all," she observed to Aunt Louie.

"Miss Doffin is steadier and steady you might trust her anywhere," and then she went into the kitchen.

Just as soon as they reached the first meadow, Doffin laid down the precious basket, and away they scampered through the hay, tossing it right over each other's head, and having a glorious romp till they were too hot and tired to play any more; then they lay down and rested for awhile.

At last little Doffin took up her basket again, and on they went through the beautiful shady lanes, filling their hands with wild flowers—and all the time the haymakers were at work on either side, and great farm-horses stood in the lane rubbing their noses over the gates, and Doffin thought they were Might and Majesty all the time, for she never noticed that they had quite lost sight of the red chimneys and sharp-pointed gables of Two Elm Farm and that they were all quite strange haymakers that they saw about them.

At length they came to a pretty mossy spot where a little brook chatted away merrily, and a tall tree cast a delightful shadow and it was the coolest place they had seen since they set out.

"Let's have our dinner here, Pippin," she said, putting down her basket; "I am so hungry!"

Pippin was tired and hungry too.

So they sat down and opened the little parcels Barbara had packed up.

First there were some sandwiches, then lots of delicious brown bread and butter, cake, apples, and a bottle of milk, and in a snug corner two of Barbara's special raspberry tarts.

"I'll have a sandwich," Doffin said, helping herself, and Pippin followed her example.

Just as they were in the middle of their feast, there passed down the lane a little boy, and as soon as he saw them he came to where they were sitting.

Such a ragged little boy, with no boots or socks, and his bare brown legs all scratched, his straw hat torn and battered, and his jacket quite in rags.

"Please give me a piece of bread," he said in a whining voice. "I'm very hungry, didn't have nothing to eat all day."

"Poor boy!" Doffin said, handing him the largest sandwich, which he devoured greedily, while Pippin gave him the biggest and rosiest apple.

He seemed evidently surprised at their kindness, and a little taken back, for he had meant to help himself had they refused.

"Would you like a piece of bread-and-butter?"

Doffin asked, when the sandwich had disappeared.

And the boy said he would; or two, "if miss has 'em to spare."

And then they gave him a drink of milk from the horn cup Barbara had put in the basket, and then they put up all that was left of the feast, not very much, for the ragged boy had quite a dreadful appetite, and prepared for another walk.

"I say, would you like to get some strawberries, good 'uns?" the boy said, after a minute's silence; he felt he should do something in return for his good dinner.

"Leave your basket here under the tree, and I'll show you."

"Thank you very much," Doffin said. So the basket containing the two tarts, the empty bottle, and the horn cup was concealed under some ferns, and away they scampered after the ragged boy, down a narrow lane, across a turnip-field, and into a wood, where the boy declared there were stacks of strawberries.

"You just look right under the leaves, that's where the best 'uns grow," he said.

Doffin and Pippin found searching for the strawberries very amusing, and they never missed the ragged little boy, who had run away as soon as he got a chance, and went right back to where the basket was left.

First he ate one tart, then he ate the other, and finally ran away as quickly as ever he could in an opposite direction.

But after a few hours he began to think it was very, very mean of him to have robbed the little girls who had been so kind to him; so he went back again to where the basket was, feeling determined to tell them how sorry he was.

For a long time he waited, but no little girls came back.

Sitting on the fence, throwing stones into the brook, and otherwise amusing himself, till he began to get hungry again, and having eaten up the few scraps of bread that remained, he lay down and soon fell fast asleep.

It was long past sunset then, and when he awoke he could see the stars shining quite clearly, and there was the basket still by his side.

Presently he heard the sound of voices coming down the lane, and the barking of dogs, and starting up he ran to see what could be the matter.

There were two men with lanterns, and in a moment he guessed they were coming to look for the children.

"I was out in the wood, sir, to look for strawberries.

"I showed them the way," he cried in his shrill voice, "and I was waiting for them here with the basket, when I fell asleep. This way, sir," and he ran quickly in the direction he had taken the children in the morning.

Doffin and Pippin, meantime, had eaten strawberries till they could eat no more, and walked so far that they lay down under a tree to rest, and so fell fast asleep, which was not at all surprising.

When they opened their eyes it was quite dark, and cold too, and round on every side were tall trees, looking quite weird in the pale moonlight.

It was impossible to tell which way to turn even to search for the basket.

So Doffin pressed her little sister closer to her, and determined to stay where they were till some one came to look for them.

She thought of the story of the Babes in the Wood, but she was not afraid of their being so harshly treated and it made her happy to remember that there were no cruel animals in English forests; but poor little Pippin was cold, tired, hungry, and frightened, and wept very bitterly.

Presently there was a sound of voices in the distance, and the children jumped up and clung closer to each other; then came a strange flashing of light through the trees, followed by two or three sharp barks, and a shrill voice cried, "Here they are, sir, where the best strawberries in the whole wood grow," and Doffin and Pippin ran forward with a great cry of delight, for there stood Uncle Fred and Jim and Tiger.

Uncle took Pippin in his arms, Jim swung Doffin on his shoulder, Tiger ran in front, and so they all went towards home, the ragged little boy followed a step behind.

Presently he ran on in front and got the basket, which he gave to Jim.

"I ate them tarts," he said, holding down his head.

"I'm very sorry, but I was so hungry, and I came back to tell you, and waited for you ever so long."

"And if you hadn't come back, I'm afraid we should not have found our little wanderers to-night," Uncle Fred said.

"So we will forgive you, Johnnie Simms. Yes, I know you very well, and though you deserve to be punished for stealing, I'll give you something for having helped to find my little girls, if you come up to the farm to-morrow."

"I don't want nothing," Johnnie replied. "It was me got 'em into the wood, and it was me got 'em out, and them tarts were uncommon good," and without another word he disappeared down the lane like a dusty little shadow, and Pippin and Doffin got home safely, and were petted first and scolded after, and Aunt Louie herself tucked them into bed and gave them some nice hot milk, and declared over and over again to Barbara, that she was truly thankful matters were no worse.

And that was the end of the adventures of Pippin and Doffin in the country, for never again were they allowed to go out a long way, or for a long time by themselves.

INOCULATION WITH SNAKE POISON.—A wonderful protection for snake bites (if true) is given by Madame de la Barca in her "Life in Mexico." She says: "We have just been hearing a curious circumstance connected with poisonous reptiles, which I have learned for the first time. Here, and all along the coast, the people are in the habit of inoculating themselves with the poison of the rattlesnake, which renders them safe from the bite of all venomous animals. The person to be inoculated is pricked with the tooth of the serpent on the tongue, in both arms, and on various parts of the body; and the venom introduced into the wounds. An eruption comes out which lasts a few days. Ever after these persons can handle the most venomous snakes with impunity; can make them come by calling them; have great pleasure in fondling them; and the bite of these persons is poisonous! You will not believe this; but we have the testimony of seven or eight respectable merchants to the fact. A gentleman who breakfasted here this morning says that he has been vainly endeavoring to make up his mind to submit to the operation, as he is very much exposed where he lives, and is obliged to travel a great deal on the coast; that when he goes on these expeditions he is always accompanied by his servant, an inoculated negro, who has the power of curing him, should he be bit, by sucking the poison from the wounds. He also saw this negro cure the bite given by an inoculated Indian to a white boy with whom he was fighting, and who was the stronger of the two. The stories of the Eastern jugglers, and their power over these reptiles may, perhaps, be accounted for in this way. I cannot say that I should like to have so much snaky nature transferred into my composition, nor to live amongst people whose bite is venomous."

A LEARNED POODLE.—Once, an expert in Paris, finding it was impossible to convince people that he was right and the people to determine what was a true antique coin and what was bogus. A dealer would bring coins for sale. Their false character would be stated at once, but when the sellers were disputative the expert would say, "My poodle can tell you without the least trouble which coin or coins are false." The poodle would be introduced. The money would be placed on the table, the good with the bad, and after nosing them for an instant the dog would knock off the table with his paw all the bad pieces. Of course this trait of canine sagacity was convincing. The man's knowledge was but secondary with that of the dog, and the party with the false coins would go away perfectly satisfied. The fame of this dog extended over many countries. There was even the possibility that the poodle would be elected an honorary member of several learned societies. People would come with coins, asking for the expert, and when he was absent would say, "Well, if the master is out, pray let the dog look at them. We will be quite satisfied with his judgment." The trick was quite simple. The numismatist took care to handle the bad coins, and not to touch the antique pieces. The dog's fine sense of smell at once distinguished the pieces his master's fingers touched, and he unhesitating separated the bad coins from the good ones.

ONE reason why married men never look at the photographs of their wives is that the original, unlike the original, can't answer back.

THE COMET AND THE EARTH.

A LARGE comet is now said to be approaching the Earth and astronomers are busy examining it.

In the year 1773 a report got abroad—how engendered is not known—that Lalande, one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, had predicted the end of the world, as the result of a collision to take place between a comet and the earth.

We say it is not known how the report got abroad. The circumstance which gave rise to the report is, however, well known, though avowedly there was nothing in it to have suggested special anxiety. The difficulty is to connect the circumstance with the exaggerated terrors presently excited. It had been announced that Lalande would read before the Academy of Science a paper entitled "Reflections on Those Comets Which Can Approach the Earth." It would be difficult to inquire how the report of this came gradually to be changed into the definite news that in the year 1773—nay, the very day was named, on May 20, 1773—a comet would encounter and destroy the earth.

Plantamour, a famous French writer lecturing in 1872 about comets and meteors, says that the comet of 1862 passed near the earth's orbit; that along its track and traveling were many millions of meteoric bodies and that when the earth crosses its track meteoric displays may be expected, adding that the next display of the kind may be expected on or about August 11 or 12. Presently the news is traveling about that on August 12, 1872, a comet will fall upon the earth and we shall all be destroyed. Who gave to Plantamour's true and innocent statement this false and mischievous form? No one can say, no one can point out where or how the true became merged into the misleading, the misleading into the incorrect, the incorrect into the utterly false. Lalande published in the *Gazette of France* of May 7, 1773, the following advertisement to quiet, as he hoped, the public mind: "M. Lalande had not time to read his memoir upon comets which may approach the earth and cause changes in her motions; but he would observe that it is impossible to assign the epochs of such events. The next comet whose return is expected is the one which should return in 18 years; but it is not one of those which can hurt the earth." But this tolerably explicit statement had no effect. M. Lalande's study was crowded day after day with anxious inquirers. A number of pious people, of whom a contemporary journal made the very rude remark that "they were as ignorant as they were imbecile," begged the Archbishop of Paris to appoint a 40 days' prayer to avert the threatened danger, which for some reason they agreed was to take the form of a watery deluge. And he would have complied with their request only he wanted by a unanimous vote of the Academy that he would bring ridicule upon himself and upon science, if he did so.

HOW ANIMALS PLAY.—Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. It is called the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal foward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried out and took wing, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was storing for his amusement.

A QUEEN'S FANCY.—The Burmese kings and queens like to get hold of new inventions. Electric lights, sewing machines, balloons, and all sorts of patent machines have had their turn. Whatever the thing may be it is sure to be put out of order by inexperienced hands, and then it is put out of sight, and a new toy must be got. I heard of one very queer fancy of the Queen's. It seems there was an excellent American dentist in Mandelay, and he was appointed specially to attend the Queen and Court. The last news is that he has had to give up practice for a while, the Queen having fallen so much in love with his instruments, to say nothing of some very pink jaw with fine sets of teeth, that she bought up his whole dentist's paraphernalia. M. F.

THE WORST COUGHS are cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy also for Pains in the Breast, and Soreness of the Throat.

Grains of Gold.

Despair is the conclusion of fools.

Great men never want experience.

Ignorance never settles a question.

All men have their imprudent days.

He who gains time gains everything.

Advice is not a popular thing to give.

The other side of believing is trusting.

A wise man's day is worth a fool's life.

The unfortunate are always egotistical.

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

Flowers are the silent messengers of beauty.

Prudery is a perfume that conceals vitiated air.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

A profound thinker always suspects that he is superficial.

Almost everything that is great has been done by growth.

It is not calling your neighbors names that settles questions.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

First keep thyself in peace, and then shalt thou be able to pacify others.

Every one loves power, even if they do not know what to do with it.

A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor is a man perfected without trials.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

Nature is a rag-merchant, who works up every shred, and ort, and end, into new creations.

Though one devote himself to many teachers, he must extract the essence, as the bee from flowers.

The best portion of a man's life is that devoted to little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

The apple and the pomegranate trees disputed which was fairer, when the thistle exclaimed, "Brethren, let us not quarrel!"

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council chamber of thought.

A writer has truly said, "Many a mother has driven her son from her at five, who at twenty-five was called to her side in vain."

An exchange says that "the best teachers are those who learn something new themselves every day, and are not ashamed to own it."

There may be as much courage displayed in enduring with resignation the sufferings of the soul, as remaining firm under the showers of shot from a battery.

You are not necessarily industrious because you are incessantly active. You may use all your time, and waste it all. You may be without leisure, and yet without industry.

It is an old motto, "Be natural." That depends. It is just what most people ought not to be, and if the saving doctrine of total depravity be true, it is very bad advice, indeed.

To prize everything according to its real use ought to be the aim of every reasonable being. There are few things that can much conduce to happiness, and therefore few things to be desired.

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor—iron labor—is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

We walk in the midst of secrets; we are encompassed with mysteries. We know not what takes place in the atmosphere which surrounds us; we haven't the least idea what relations it has with our minds.

There are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, and that in one instant does the work of long premeditation.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, broadswords, canals, statutes, or songs.

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another.

Beaconsfield says that "nothing depresses a man's spirit more completely than a self-conviction of self-conceit." But then the trouble is, that a self-conceited man is very rarely self-convicted; he is above any such weakness, and cannot "see himself as others see him."

Pitiful that a man should so care for riches, as if they were his own; yet so use them as if they were another's; that when he might be happy in spending them, he will be miserable in keeping them: and had rather, dying, leave wealth with his enemies than, being alive, relieve his friends.

There is scarce any character so rare as a man of real, open and generous integrity, who carries his heart in his hand, who says the thing he thinks, and does what he pretends. Though no one can dislike the character, yet discretion shakes her head, and the world soon lets him into the reason.

Femininities.

A woman who is not proud of her sex is a queen who does not deserve a crown.

A girl in Kentucky was recently struck by lightning and killed while dressing for her wedding.

Marriages are always "solemnized," while weddings are "celebrated." Have a wedding by all means.

While American girls are marrying Englishmen, English girls are finding favor in Oriental countries.

The Girls' Latin School in Boston, which began its work four years ago with a class of 28, now has 140 pupils.

It is said that a Burlington, Vt., man, who got a divorce from his wife awhile ago, employs her as his hired girl.

The Duchess of Teck, who had the next chance to the British throne after Queen Victoria, is still living, and quite hearty.

Miss Gladstone, daughter of the English Premier, will probably be elected principal of the Ladies' College at Cambridge.

The Princess Beatrice is now the manager of her mother's domestic establishments, preferring this to marrying a German prince.

A cablegram says: "The bulk of the Zulu warriors, having married, desire peace." Well, it it seems to be just the same with the Zulus as with other folks.

A Baltimore paper says times are getting better in that city, and a great many nice young men would marry if they could get girls who were able to support them comfortably.

Some fashionable ladies are not satisfied with a ready-made fan that costs only a hundred dollars; they must have them painted and monogramed to order in the most elaborate style.

Conjugal amenities. He—"My darling, I really believe my rheumatism has wholly disappeared. She—"I'm so sorry! Now we shall never know when the weather is going to change."

"Nine o'clock," said a Manayunk wife the other night; "he must be drunk enough to be helpless by this time. I can send a man with a wheelbarrow after him, and he won't have to walk."

Baron Mayr, the late Austrian minister to Washington, had a standing bet with Mr. D. Bildt, of the Swedish legation, of one thousand segars, that he would leave Washington unmarried. He won the wager.

A French husband follows his wife through life as a dog his master on a journey—making a thousand capers and darts around her, rejoining her from time to time, and sticking close to her towards the end of the day.

"John, I have noticed that ever since your wife's death you come back home drunk every evening. Why is this?" John—"I am only trying to console myself for my loss." "And how long is this going to last?" John—"Oh, sir, I am inconsolable."

It is the prevailing fashion in London now to have small children for bridemaids. The older the bride the younger the child-bridemaids. This fashion has been copied in a few cases in New York; but the tendency is to stuff girls' heads with nonsense altogether too early in life.

"Oh, Edward!" said a fond young wife, as she leaned upon her husband's manly shoulder, and toyed with his auburn tresses, "let us be buried in one grave." "Yes, dearest," replied the dealer in stocks. "Shall I tell the undertaker to come up and measure us now, or wait until to-morrow?"

A girl was so thoughtless as to tell a friend at her wedding the name of the donors would not be displayed with the presents. Of course the friend told. Her wedding came off the other day, and the presents were not displayed, either. They consisted of 72 plated sugar-spoons and 1,300 salt-cellars.

Bellewood Seminary is a Presbyterian institution for girls near Louisville. The faculty forbade the students to make any acquaintance with the young men of the neighborhood, who have retaliated by a night raid on the seminary. The invaders removed the shutters from the house for a bonfire, and smeared all the accessible rooms and furniture with tar.

A Vermont girl corresponded with a stranger in California, made a marriage engagement, and went across the continent to get, as she supposed, a young and wealthy husband. She found instead a grey and ugly crank, whose sole property was a leaky hut in a lonely canon. His neighbors offered to pay her fare back home, but she declined it, and has married him.

Etta May kissed a young man, on bidding him good-bye at a Davenport (Iowa) railroad station, and was at once furiously assaulted by Mrs. Applegate, who stood by. As Mrs. Applegate is not a relative of the fellow who was kissed, Miss May is puzzled to account for the lady's interest in the matter, and Mr. Applegate has separated from her in consequence.

A great scandal was caused in England a few months ago by the elopement of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman well known in the country, with her father's groom. They fled to South Africa, and recently letters were received announcing that the damsel is on her way home, having left her companion at a hotel at Natal, where he has been engaged as waiter.

At recent New York wedding the bride cake was built in four tiers. Arround the lowest of these, six satin bows were arranged; each hung on a pearl button, which formed the handle to a diminutive drawer. Just before the cutting of the cake each of half-dozen bridesmaids laid her hand upon a bow and drew out the drawer, which, needless to say, contained a pretty gift.

A Cincinnati husband said that his wife should devote her attention to the care of her children instead of going to matinees at the theatres. She disobeyed. He walked down the centre aisle of a theatre, took her by the ear, and led her out. "Out of respect to the parties," says the account, "who are well connected and generally well thought of, their names are withheld from the public."

News Notes.

Weeping Water is the rather poetic name of a town in Nebraska.

St. Louis has a bull-dog which is said to be a confirmed drunkard.

Florida has something to cry over—an onion that measures 14 inches.

The price paid by Mr. Vanderbilt for three curtains for his new house was $6,000.

Rumors of a coming colored cadet have set the West Point aristocracy in another feverish flutter.

The stone over a grave at Suffield, Conn., is cut into exactly the size and shape of the coffin underneath.

A London jeweler is exhibiting a late Hungarian noble's scarf-pins—750 in number, and very valuable.

A shirt has two arms, the same as pantaloons have two legs. Yet one is called a pair, and the other is only one.

The late rheumatic Mr. Burke bathed himself in turpentine, at Lyons, Iowa, and then lighted his pipe for a comfortable smoke.

A new kid glove has been invented, having a tiny pocket fitted into the palm of the hand, in which to carry car tickets or a little money.

New Zealand must look like a mammoth Concord school of philosophy. All the women wear their hair short, and all the men theirs long.

Fans this summer are to be of medium size, so nobody can revive the old story of the couple who eloped by water and used the lady's fan as a sail.

An Illinois woman of eighty has brought suit for divorce against her husband of twenty-five. She thinks he married her for her money, and not for love.

Mr. Holden, the successor of Lord Frederick Cavendish in the House of Commons, began business as book-keeper in a Yorkshire worsted-spinning mill.

In Cambria county, this State, there are two springs only a few feet apart, one of which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean, and the other into the Gulf of Mexico.

A physician says that nine-tenths of our American wives are totally ignorant of everything that pertains to their own health, or that of the healthful rearing of an infant.

In Germany sawdust is combined with glue or some other binding material, the result being a plastic mass which is pressed in moulds, into door knobs, piano keys and various other articles.

Berlin last year had beggers enough and to spare. The police alone arrested 22,931, of whom 20,068, or nearly all, were men. The women numbered 1,832, and the children, under twelve years of age, 1,033.

The bulb cultivators of Holland plant first potatoes, which in July are followed by cabbages, these in October followed by bulbs. The second year there are tulips, the third crocuses and again potatoes.

The wife of a Milwaukee physician is going to jail for fifteen days rather than pay a fine of five dollars, which was imposed on her for persistently keeping an unlicensed dog. She wishes to be a martyr for principle.

George I., King of Greece, is perhaps the most unpopular monarch in Europe. He seldom visits any public assembly or institution, or manifests any interest in public affairs, but gives almost undivided attention to his farm and horses.

No one imagined how vast a number of deer still remained in the swamps of Louisiana until the high water of the present season drove them from their impenetrable retreats. Thousands of them have crossed the river in the immediate vicinity of Natchez.

As Mayor Harrison entered the Chicago City Hall one day last week, with about $1,200 in his pocket, he felt a man brush too closely against him. He grasped the stranger, stared in his face, and found he had captured a small-pox patient bearing a note to the Health Department.

Last Sunday, John Pratt, of Paterson, N. J., lay in the last stages of consumption. While his wife, who lay by his side, was fanning him she rolled over and fell out of bed. It was found she had died of apoplexy. The shock so affected Mr. Pratt that he grew worse and died soon after.

Mr. Keifer wields, in the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives, a big, ugly gavel, made especially for his use. Its head is a shapeless chunk of ivory, and its handle a straight hickory stick. He expects to break it, however, before his term of office expires, as his predecessors have frequently done.

A drunken man threw John Carr, a lad of fourteen years from the railroad bridge at La Salle, Ill., into the river on Tuesday, where the water was swiftest and deepest, and, although the boy fell sixty-five feet, and turned over several times in descent, he struck the water feet foremost, and was saved by two fishermen, not much injured.

A father and son living in Waterbury, Conn., joint owners of a sick dog, determined after some discussion in the poor beast's presence to put him out of his misery. "Have you a pistol with you?" asked the father; but before the son had time to answer the dog staggered to his feet, limped out of the barn as fast as he could and disappeared.

While preaching fervidly at Lafayette, Ind., the Rev. H. A. Buchtel suddenly dropped out of sight behind the desk. The congregation thought he had been stricken by heart disease or paralysis, and there was a great hubbub. But the pastor slowly arose, and explained that he had inadvertently thrown his weight on a weak knee, which was dislocated by the strain.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, so there are False Resolvents, Relief and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES and ADVENTURES of the NOTED OUTLAWS,

Frank and Jesse James,

Containing the only complete and authentic account of these **Bold Highwaymen.** *The latest information about the* **Shooting of Jesse.** *The most vividly interesting and exciting book ever written.* **Fully illustrated. Send 50 cents for complete outfit,** and **write quick** for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. **Now is the time. DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

New Publications.

The announcement of the death of James Vick, the Rochester seedsman, brought to many people something of a feeling of personal loss. His interest in the distribution of seeds and plants had much more than a financial basis; appreciation of the educating and refining effects of floriculture and of good gardening was strong with him, and found effective expression in his *Magazine* and the frequent catalogues that were treasured in numberless households as things of beauty. The beneficent influences he fostered must be felt "far off on summers that we shall not see."

MAGAZINES.

St. Nicholas, for June, opens with a charming frontispiece illustration by W. T. Smedley, entitled "Mr. Longfellow and his Boy Visitors," accompanying an account by Hezekiah Butterworth of a visit paid the poet, shortly before his death, by some boys from a Boston school. Lucy Larcom also contributes an article full of reminiscence and pleasant anecdote of Longfellow and his relations with children, interesting to old and young alike. There are besides highly entertaining stories, poems, and miscellaneous articles, among which, Seals and Seal-hunting in the North Atlantic, is an entertaining paper, by Ernest Ingersoll, strikingly illustrated with twelve pictures, by D. C. Beard, J. C. Beard, W. Taber and M. J. Burns. There are nine full-page pictures in the June number, and, in all, seventy-three illustrations. The Century Co., New York.

The contents of the *Sanitarian*, for July, are: Prevention of Venereal Diseases by Legislation, Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley, Causes of Complaint Against Vaccination, Cleanliness Above All Things, Sanitary Progress in the Reduction of the Money Burthens Occasioned by Preventable Sickness and Mortality, National Board of Health Report, 1879—Review; Artificial versus Natural Mineral Waters, etc., etc. The Sanitarian, New York.

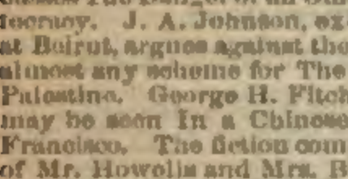
"The crowned heads of Europe" seem very favorably inclined toward American Juvenile periodicals. An empress and a queen are known to be regular subscribers to *St. Nicholas*, and now it is said that the Prince of Wales takes six copies of that magazine for the young people in his household.

The June *Century* is brilliantly illustrated opening with a striking frontispiece portrait of Cardinal Newman. The leading illustrated articles are Around Cape Horn, Opera in New York, by Richard Grant White; The Bee-pastures of California, by John Muir; Marble Mining in Carrara, by Robert W. Welch; and Wood Engraving and the Century Prizes. The engravings accompanying the article being as satisfactory as any in the magazine. Accompanying the portrait of Cardinal Newman is a biographical study, by C. Kegan Paul, the well-known English publisher. The second part of Carlyle's posthumous Reminiscences of My Irish Journey is given, and the concluding part will appear in July. E. L. Godkin discusses The Danger of an Office-holding Aristocracy. J. A. Johnson, ex-Consul-General at Beirut, argues against the practicability of almost any scheme for The Colonization of Palestine. George H. Fitch describes what may be seen in a Chinese Theatre in San Francisco. The fiction comprises the serials of Mr. Howells and Mrs. Burnett, the conclusion of Miss Woolson's Roman story, and a short story by Mary Hallock Foote. Among the poetry are two tributes to Longfellow. The departments are particularly interesting, treating of a great variety of subjects. Bric-a-brac is entirely made up of humorous poetry.

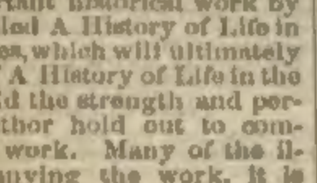
The Century Company announce that they have secured, for first publication in their magazine, the important historical work by Dr. Eggleston, entitled A History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies, which will ultimately form the first part of A History of Life in the United States, should the strength and perseverance of the author hold out to complete so laborious a work. Many of the illustrations accompanying the work, it is said, are of great historic value.

MUSIC.

Brainard's Musical World for June contains the usual large amount of matter, useful and entertaining to all interested in music. The musical selections comprise five—two instrumental and three vocal. They are: Breeze of the Night Waltz, Two's Company, Three's None; Good Night, Thady O'Flynn, and Darby and Joan. We can commend this excellent publication to all. Subscription $1.50 per year. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland and Chicago.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Columbia, Ia., April 29, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

LILY V. ESSEX.

Batchtown, Ill., April 29, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

ISAAC S. BERRY.

Fenton, Mich., April 30, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

L. G. GORTON.

Muscatine, Ia., April 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

A. S. WELLS.

Orange, N. Y., April 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

MRS. S. E. CRAWFORD.

Exline, Ia., April 30, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

S. E. PRICE.

Sharpsburg, Pa., April 28, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

MRS. M. E. KERR.

Bath, Pa., April 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

E. LAUBACH.

Vanattas, O., April 28, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

MRS. J. L. ALMOND.

Polo, Mo., April 30, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good order. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

E. G. FOWLER.

Centerville, N. Y., April 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

E. M'AVILL.

Dalton, Mo., April 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

KATE PRICE.

Primack, Ill., April 29, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. J. ANDERSON.

Albany, N. Y., April 29, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

M. A. PRIEST.

Flint, Ind, April 30, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

O. MORSE.

Newcastle, O., April 29, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

MRS. J. HAMMELL.

Middleborough, Pa., April 29, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

D. H. PLACE.

Tallahassee, Fla., April 30, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

TILLIE E. WHISTLER.

Humorous.

Get your life insured for a hundred thousand, if you would be sincerely mourned—by the insurance company.

"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse." "What is that?" "Why, she washes my face every morning."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I'm gone?" She answered coolly, "Brimstone, John."

Personal.

From a personal visit of Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, we learn he is now doing a larger business than ever before. From our knowledge of Mr. Beatty's sales we have no hesitation in saying he is to-day making and selling more organs, etc., than all the other manufacturers combined. Mr. Beatty's success, so phenomenal, is well-deserved, and shows what integrity and persistent effort, combined with ability, may accomplish.

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 815 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Bartlett's PILE SUPPOSITORIES RAPID RELIEF CERTAIN CURE.

ORGANS
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

$109.75

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $30, $40, $50, 6 to 11 stops. *Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

AGENTS WANTED.

JESSE AND FRANK JAMES
CINCINNATI PUB. CO.

Our Latest Revised and Enlarged Edition of the James Brothers is complete to date, including the Death and Burial of Jesse. Profusely illustrated with 50 portraits and engravings, 12 Fine Full-page Colored Plates made in the highest style of Lithographic Art, at a cost of $2500.00; also a full-page engraving of Frank James; no other book has this portrait. Agents Wanted Circulars free. Outfit 40cts. Beware of Rogue Books. Secure only the Best, Largest and Cheapest. 60., No. 170 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

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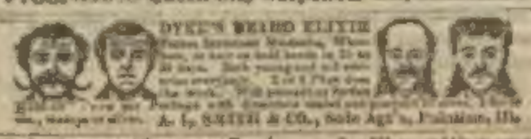
OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882. 60 ALL Chromo Cards, Extra fine Assorted designs of Swiss Floral, Sea-View, Wreath, Landscape, Gold and Silver Panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer and Winter Scenes, all in beautiful [engravity] colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 70 costly Styles for 1882 25c. 40 per cent paid to Agts, or beautiful watch given for clubs. Premium with every order. CANTON PRINTING CO. Northford Conn.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.
Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 5x8 Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l's free C 4S 50 S. M. Spencer, 12 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.



DYER'S BEARD ELIXIR Forces luxuriant Whiskers, Moustache, or hair on bald heads in 21 to 35 days. Each package contains one prepaid by mail, sample of silver. A. L. SMITH & Co., Sole Agt's, Pittsburg, Pa.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

I T PAYS to sell our Hand Printing Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. Harper & Co., Cleveland, O.

40 CARDS, All Chromo, Glass & Motto, in case, name in Gold & Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

(From the Toledo *Blade.*)

SURPRISING EFFECTS

OF EXTRACT OF CELERY

AND CHAMOMILE UPON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

AS INVARIABLY PRODUCED BY DR.

C. W. BENSON'S CELERY AND CHAMOMILE PILLS.

They have been tested time and time again, and always with satisfactory results. This preparation just meets the necessities of the case. Let me state just what my Pills are made to cure, and what they have cured and WILL CURE: Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. These diseases are all Nervous diseases. Nervousness embraces nervous weakness, irritation, despondency, melancholy, and a restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind and body, indescribable.

These are some of the symptoms of nervousness: now, to be fully restored to health and happiness is a priceless boon, and yet for 50 cents you can satisfy yourself that there is a cure for you, and for $5 at the very furthest that cure can be fully secured. These Pills are all they are represented to be, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction if used as directed, and WILL CURE any case.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 138 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1., or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. BENSON'S CELERY AND CHAMOMILE PILLS CURE HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

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OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Lace, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & COVARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 30 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

LANDRETH'S SEED GROWERS WAREHOUSE

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. E. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.

FOUNDED 1784.

Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 1000 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1882, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

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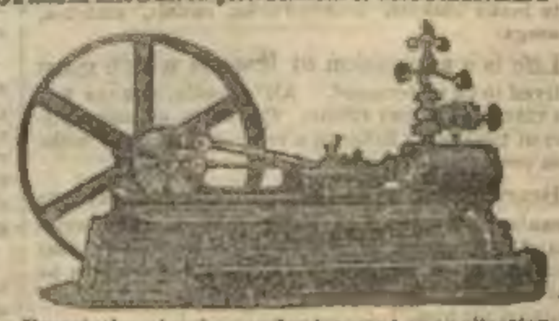

Descriptive circulars and prices sent on application P. H. SUPPLEE, 149 North Third St., Phila., Pa.

LEAN — May speedily become Plump and Fair. Plain home treatment. Send stamp for particulars. The Adipo-Nutrition Co. 226 S. 4th St., Phila. Pa. LADIES

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING A Treatise on the [illegible] speedy cure SENT [illegible] Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 1[illegible] Chicago, Ill.

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A prickly pair—A couple of needles.

Useless Fright.

To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

"Never," says an Irish orator, "write an anonymous letter without signing your name to it."

The countenance of mortal man or woman cannot be celestially radiant and pure, but with Dr. Benson's Skin Cure it can be made smooth and free from tetter, scaly eruptions, freckles, and climatic discoloration. A lovely toilet dressing.

Beef is 100 per cent. higher than last year, but it is not 100 per cent tougher. That limit has been reached already.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

What is the difference between your granary and your granny? One is your corn-bin, while the other is your born-kin.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

Horses' ages are determined by their teeth. Chickens' ages the same way, only you have to furnish the teeth yourself.

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A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants**, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are accurate, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—for earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 3-karats. They are not dime-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. *The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting*

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (unlike rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. **A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year,** accompanied by **$4,** entitles the sender to either the **Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three,** one year, and **$6,** entitles the sender to **any two** of the three premiums, **free. A club of four,** one year, and **$8,** entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, **free!** or, for **$4,** we will extend your subscription **two years,** and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, **free.** For **$6,** will extend subscription **three years,** and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For **$8,** will extend subscription **four years,** and send all three premiums, **free.** Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending **$3** instead of **$2.** All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—*The Post* is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. The fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific, News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

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"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

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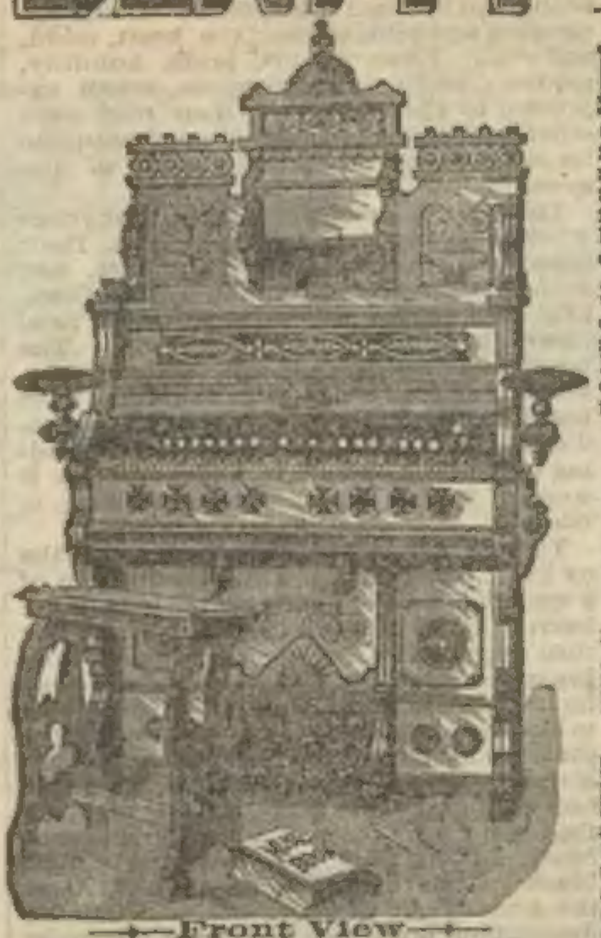
BEATTY



Front View

THE BEETHOVEN ORGAN.

Height, 75 ins., Length, 46 ins., Depth, 24 ins.

New Style No. 9000, Handsome Solid Black Walnut Case with Organ Bench and Music Book.

27 STOPS, 10 FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.

THE FAMOUS 27 STOP BEETHOVEN ORGANS.

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

—A BRIEF DESCRIPTION.—

PRICE *Boxed with Organ Bench, Book and Music, ONLY* **$90.00**

CASE.—Handsome Solid Black Walnut, manufactured so as not to take the dirt or dust. Thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, so that it will stand the test of any climate, handsome rubbed Varnish finish and polish; carved and ornamented with arabesque designs in gold, fret music desk, pocket, handles and lamp stands. It is built to last, not for show.

ACTION.—Containing ***27 Stops,*** with a great variety of Stop Combinations, enabling the performer to imitate (by following the simple instructions sent) a French Horn, Violin, Piccolo, Saxaphone, Full Orchestra, Cello, Church Pipe Organ, and many other beautiful effects. In addition you have the regular ordinary Organ at your command.

27 STOPS as follows:

1—Cello, 8 foot tone.	14—Echo, 8 foot tone.
2—Melodia.	15—Dulciana, 8 foot tone.
3—Clarabella.	16—Clarionet, 8 foot tone.
4—Manual Sub-Bass, 16 foot tone.	17—Voix Celeste, 8 foot tone.
5—Bourdon, 16 foot tone.	18—Violina, 4 foot tone.
6—Saxaphone, 8 foot tone.	19—Vox Jubilante, 8 and 4 foot tone.
7—Viol di Gamba, 8 foot tone	20—Piccolo, 2 foot tone.
8—Bayazon, 8 foot tone.	21—Coupler Harmonique.
9—Viola Dolce, 4 foot tone.	22—Orchestral Forte.
10—Grand Expressione, 8 foot tone.	23—Grand Organ Knee Stop.
11—French Horn, 8 foot tone.	24—Right Knee Stop.
12—Harp Æolian.	25—Automatic Valve Stop.
13—Vox Humana, Tremulant.	26—Right Duplex Damper.
	27—Left Duplex Damper.

With grand and thrilling accessory and combination effects.

BELLOWS.—Finest Treble Rubber, Upright pattern, three bellows combined, with four Steel Springs, with Automatic Valve Stop, an ingenious arrangement for preventing an over-supply of air.

REEDS.—10 full Sets Reeds. Are of the Celebrated Golden Tongue (patented,) the tongue of which are secured to the block by dovetailing instead of ordinary rivet, which soon breaks or rattles. The Golden Tongue never breaks or wears out, holds its tone perfectly. No tuning is ever required after leaving factory.

TONE.—Superb, Thrillingly Sweet and Pure. I challenge comparison with any instrument ever manufactured at four times the price. An Organ like the above containing the same variety of music would cost through high-priced organ manufacturers at least $470. This combination of Reed-Board and Stop Work, bear in mind, in the BEETHOVEN is patented. No other organ maker dare build it.

PRICE.—The price of this Organ, which includes a music book, organ bench, choice music, &c, securely packed and delivered on board the cars at Washington, New Jersey, is *ONLY $90.00.*

TERMS.—The terms are Net Cash. Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Express prepaid.

WARRANTED.—The BEETHOVEN is warranted for six years. Shipped on one year's trial.

FACTORY.—Corner Railroad Ave. and Beatty St., Washington, New Jersey. Largest in the world. Running *day and night* to fill all orders promptly

To Whom it May Concern:

☞If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's constant use, does not give you perfect satisfaction in every particular, and is in any way not as represented in this advertisement, I hereby bind myself to take it back and refund you your money paid in current funds, with legal interest of New Jersey, (six per cent.) I further agree to pay freight charges on the instrument both ways, the money to be refunded immediately upon receipt of the instrument at Washington, New Jersey. I further agree, if requested, to exchange it for any other organ or piano as shown in my catalogue.

Very truly yours,

Daniel F. Beatty

HOW TO ORDER—Enclosed find money for Beethoven Organ. I have read your statement in regard to it in this advertisement, and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in every particular, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forward it, at six per cent., according to your offer. *Be very particular to give your Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad.* ☞*Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter or Express prepaid*

SPECIAL TEN DAY OFFER TO THE READERS of THE "SATURDAY EVENING POST."

I desire the Beethoven Organ introduced among the readers of this newspaper WITHIN THE NEXT TEN DAYS, so that all can see and appreciate its wonderful merits and stop combination effects. Now, if you will REMIT ME seventy-five (*$75.00,*) dollars, I will ship you this Organ immediately, and send you a receipted bill in full for ninety dollars (**$90**), which is the regular and only price at which this Organ is sold. The price will soon be advanced to *$125.00,* on account of the increase in the price of labor and materials used in its construction.

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☞This offer is positively good for only ten days from date. PLEASE BEAR THIS IN MIND. This newspaper must be returned to secure this special price. If mailed from your post office within ten days from this date, it will be received, not otherwise, or you may accept by telegraph on the last day, and remit by mail on that day. I shall POSITIVELY refuse all orders under *$90,* unless accompanied with this newspaper, and payment must be mailed within ten days as specified.

DATED, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, July 1, 1882.

N. B.—As this special offer is limited and will not be repeated, if you have not all the money in hand, it will pay you to borrow a part from your friends, and thus secure the best organ that can be offered, at a less price than an ordinary organ by other makers is usually sold at.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

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$75,000 CAPITAL PRIZE. $75,000.

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. A. S. L.

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Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 24, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. SEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS G, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **JULY 11, 1882.**—146th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of **General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,** who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
200	do	100	20,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000

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9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
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Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
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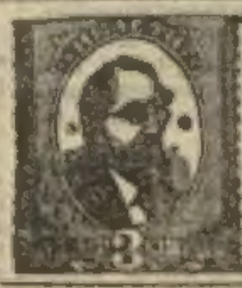
or **M. A. DAUPHIN,**
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.



To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "His remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure."—*Inquirer.*

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Presses and outfits from $3 to $200. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

Hires' Improved Root Beer,

Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, effervescing and wholesome Drink. Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of 25cts. Address

CHARLES E. HIRES, 42 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN YOU DO YOUR SPRING SHOPPING

If you come in person,

The trains from the different branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad come to the new Broad Street Station, which is within one block of our store; you walk directly through the new City Hall to our Market Street front. If you come by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, any horse car on Thirteenth Street will bring you directly from the Callowhill Street Depot to our door. If you come through Camden, N. J., any horse car on Market Street, except the red ones, will bring you direct. We have provided new and spacious reading and toilet rooms for the free use of visitors.

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Departments of goods have been so enlarged and improved that our stock, unquestionably the most comprehensive in the United States, is better than ever. We send without charge, or any obligation to purchase, samples of the new Dress Goods, Silks, etc. We give prices of our entire stock in our new Catalogue for Spring and Summer, which is mailed free to all who send us address on postal card. Hundreds of orders are filled daily, and goods sent by mail and express to every State and Territory, with full privilege of return and refund of money if they do not suit.

John Wanamaker,

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Chestnut, Market and Thirteenth Streets, and City Hall Square.

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EASILY CURED with THE DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon C. & A. R. R., Dwight, Ill. 3,000 cures. Books Free.

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, name on, in case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Conn.

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BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $90. Pianos, $125. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Set of samples 6c. VANN & Co., Fairhaven, Conn.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FOR some years now children's toilettes have undergone no radical change; they have arrived at such a pitch of perfection that none have the audacity to suggest improvement, for what more can we require? Our children are no longer grotesque little men nor ridiculous little women—the present mode of children's dress, while as pretty as possible, allowing every facility for health and development; the short, semi-fitting Princess dresses no more cramp the limbs of our girls than do the short trousers of our boys; they can run, climb jump, and skip without hindrance, as no child's dress is tied back with tape, this being a cruel check, preventing them from taking sufficient, or indeed any, health-giving exercise natural and necessary to childhood. In the main, therefore, their costumes have but little altered, the changes taking place merely in insignificant details.

Children under five are dressed precisely alike, whether boys or girls, the loose fitting blouse dresses, gauged horizontally or vertically, being the most admired, nearly the whole of the body being encircled by a large handsome sash tied in a bow with larger loops.

At this age, and also a little older, children wear the American pelisse of chequered woolen or cloth, but there is often added character of severity in boys' dresses; for instance, in the blouse dress, the rich sash is often replaced by a leather belt held in its place by narrow tabs, and the dress itself is often pleated in large plain pleats instead of being gauged.

In Paris also characteristic dresses are not approved of for boys, such as kilts or the man-o'-war's man; kilts are rarely seen, and the popularity of the other is very different in Paris and London, where every other little fellow one sees is in full sailor costume; in Paris there is a strong tendency to laugh at these costumes, though the sailor suit is worn, and in its modified form with short trousers it is extremely popular, made of navy blue serge, with a blouse pleated at the waist, and a large sailor collar covered with one of blue faille being tied under the collar in a sailor's knot, a white cord encircling the neck, to which is attached a small whistle placed in the breast pocket. A sailor hat trimmed with a wide ribbon completes the costume, the front of the ribbon and the left arm being often embroidered in gold, red, or white, with an anchor or some such design.

For older boys, suits with short trousers are made, with blouse drawn in by a leather belt for rough wear, the blouse being replaced by a jacket and waistcoat for a more dressy costume.

The petit-complete is worn by boys of any age who are still in short trousers, generally made of fancy cloth, with the jacket fastening merely by two buttons; few boys are still in knickerbockers over twelve.

A very pretty costume for a boy of six is of biscuit cloth trimmed with narrow red braid, the pleated skirt being so very short as to show drawers of the same cloth, edged with three rows of braid which reach the knee.

The blouse is crenelated in sharp points over the skirt edged with braid, a braided belt drawing it in below the waist. The sailor collar is edged with braid and finished by a red silk cravat, the sailor hat of black straw being finished by a red ribbon.

Girls from six to ten years wear still the semi-fitting Princess dress, or redingote edged with a pleated skirt, embroidery flounces, or pleatings of the material, these two last being often alternated for more stylish costumes.

Coat corsages are worn by the elder children, but most toilettes are provided with a scarf, whether used as a sash for smaller children or as a kind of panier for the older.

The newest materials for these scarves are moire, surah, crepe de Chine, moire being the favorite, and when of large size they are generally tied behind in a handsome bow with large loops; but they are tied in front, when on a smaller scale, in a simpler manner, or are finished off with a bow with long plain loops of ribbon, beneath which the two edges are pleated up together.

Dresses with semi-fitting redingotes are worn usually, between the ages of six and twelve, and are made for spring and summer wear in light woolen stuffs, plain chequered, in cashmere or sateen and other materials.

They fasten with buttons down the front to a little below the waist, where they open over a skirt of often different material—either of broche woolen, of surah, or of faille, the same color as the redingote.

Thus children's styles have altered in no respect, but as regards material, with the change of seasons, even washing dresses being often made in precisely the same manner as the plush and satin costumes of the winter.

Surah, plain or chequered foulard, and nun's veiling are extensively used now, often beautifully gauged and pleated; a pretty, dressy little costume for a girl of ten being made of chequered pink foulard, with a square gauged yoke, the material being arranged in pleats at the waist and a little below into the large handsome scarf pleated round the body, and forming a puffed bow behind.

This becoming dress is edged with two pleated flounces and the plain sleeves are finished with a gauged puff at the shoulder, and a small drapery and bow at the waist.

Many dresses are made for children gauged all over, sleeves and all, down to the draped scarf or paniers below the waist; a costume of mastic nun's veiling has the corsage gauged in this way, the paniers, gauged in front and drawn up behind under a large bow, being of mastic surah de Chine.

The skirt is pleated, made of nun's veiling, the collar and cuffs being of surah edged with lace of the same color.

Sateens are perhaps the prettiest of inexpensive summer materials, and when trimmed with wide lace have a dressy and elegant effect, made in various styles.

A really stylish costume can be made of this material for a girl of ten at a comparatively trifling expense, the skirt edged with two pleated flounces, the semi-fitting redingote open over a pleated plastron, edged with deep lace, a gauged pelerine edged with lace covering the shoulders.

This dress in Nile-blue or pale pink sateen with cream lace would be exceedingly pretty and becoming, and another tasteful style is with a polonaise buttoning up the back, the skirts edged with lace and pleated up behind forming a tablier and pleated panier-drapery, the gauged pelerine being again used, and the same pleated skirt as in the last model.

Many cashmeres are, of course, worn this spring both for over dresses and dresses, and very pretty watered materials sprinkled with spots of many colors, the most prominent color of which is taken to trim the dress; beautiful zigzags are also worn in delicate colors such as flax-grey, lichen-green, or mastic, spotted, and trimmed with oriental pink or coral-red silk.

These spotted materials make very stylish dresses for young girls of fourteen or fifteen with a plain skirt edged with a ruche to match the spots, the plastron, paniers, collar and paraments of plain material like the ruche; but some of the prettiest fabrics for young girls under eighteen are plain or chequered surah and sateen.

The following model can be made in either of these fabrics, the round skirt pleated in plain pleats, the paniers joined to the tight-fitting corsage which is open over a gauged and puffed plastron.

The paniers can be edged either with cream lace, or a small pleated flounce as though in our opinion the lace would be by far the prettier of the two.

A gauged panel is let into the back as in front, terminating in a handsome bow of the material from beneath which a ribbon of a contrasting shade covers the junction of the paniers to the corsage, and ties in a bow in front; the dress quoted is of very pale blue sateen, and the ribbon is of dark grenat, a few loops of ribbon appearing in the drapery of blue sateen below the bow behind; the sleeves are tight-fitting with a gauged puff at the shoulder, and a slight drapery at the wrist.

This costume looks very elegant in mastic surah, with a grenat ribbon and pleating to the skirt, or in grenat satin trimmed with pale blue moire.

In enumerating the materials to be worn this spring and summer, the beautiful embroidered batistes must not be forgotten, though their importance will not have fully developed until the arrival of summer heat.

Many of the ficelle costumes, to be worn later in the season, will be made of embroidered batiste, the costumes unrelieved by a touch of color, hat, dress, sunshade, all being ficelle.

At the present moment children's dressy toilettes are made of embroidered batiste, especially for young children under five.

Fireside Chat.

BEAUTY—HOW TO PRESERVE IT—ON EYES.

I DID not intend to treat upon eyes today, but a fair correspondent having asked my advice on this important point of female beauty, I purposely make an aside in order to tell her all I know on the subject.

The subject is, indeed, very difficult, as no part of the human face is so delicate and even dangerous to touch as the eye. At the same time, no feature is of so much importance to beauty as the eyes; for they are the living and brilliant interpreters of all the passions and sentiments of the heart, mind, and soul. Love, genius, pride, humility, modesty, scorn, anger, pity, etc., are all expressed by the eyes; and men read each other's affections, sympathies, and antipathies in the pages of Nature's book of the eyes.

There is no need for spoken language when those pages are laid open to us. Their silent eloquence anticipates language, and is often more expressive than words. Beautiful eyes render beautiful a whole face, however plain that may otherwise be. The large almond-shaped ox-eye, with its soft beseeching expression, is perhaps the most beautiful in nature, especially when reproduced on woman's face, for the very pleading look of the ox-eye is a promise, as it were, of woman's helplessness, so dear to man.

The eye may betray, as in the case of the ox itself, but the large, soft, pleading eye of a woman is sure of making a big hole in the heart of every man who looks upon it; for man may admire the strong woman who bravely fights life's battles for herself—but he loves the helpless, timid dove that clings to him for protection. But ox-eyes are not the only beautiful eyes in creation, fortunately for the majority of us. There is the saucy blue eye, that looks at you with all the joyous confidence of a young innocent heart; and the grey eye, rendered almost black by the fringe of lashes round it; and the Arab eye, of greenish tint, which defies description, but which is perhaps the most expressive.

But I cannot mention here all the different beautiful eyes in nature; they vary so much that it would more than fill this short letter were I to attempt to describe even half of them.

I may, however, confidently state that I have never known a thoroughly evil-minded person to have thoroughly beautiful eyes, nor have I ever known a really good woman to have ugly eyes. The heart, mind, and soul have so great an influence over the eyes, that it is impossible not to see them reflected through the windows of the face. The shape of the eye, of course, is not altered by either vice or virtue—it is the expression only that changes, and this we may to a certain extent govern by restraining our heart, mind, and soul from evil excesses. I am not going to preach, but if we would make our eyes more beautiful, let us strive to acquire that mental and spiritual state that gives the most beautiful reflection to the eyes, and thereby to the whole face. The loveliest eyes are rendered ugly when hatred, envy, malice, or anger fills them, just as the palest and dullest eye shines brilliantly when lit up with love or innocent mirth.

A beautiful mind, therefore, will invariably beautify the eyes—the whole of the face. And now to business. Whatever color, or shape, or size your eyes may be, you will naturally seek to preserve them as they are, even to improve them if possible, as we are rarely satisfied with what we have.

Let us see how you may preserve them to best of your power. Firstly, avoid all glares of light, whether sunlight, firelight, gaslight, etc. Even if you feel no unpleasantness from sun glare, avoid it—shield your eyes with a parasol or fan. Never fix your eyes on a sun-glaring wall, etc. Do not look at the fire either.

It is so delightful, you say, to sit musing by the fire. So it is; but, though you may not perceive it yourself, this musing is ruining your eyes. When you muse, shut your eyes. You have no idea how it will save them, and what an economy of sight you are thereby making. Read, write, and work as little as possible by gas, lamp, or candlelight. An oil-lamp, with a green shade, is the best, if you are compelled to work in any way by artificial light—and always keep the light, whatever it be, at the back of you.

The light will thus shine on whatever you have to do, without tiring the sight. These precautions may appear tedious to you; but you ask me how to preserve your sight, and I tell you.

Avoid dust and smoke also! and if you have been amidst them, whether out or indoors, bathe the eyes immediately you re-enter your house or room. Always bathe your eyes every night before going to bed, you will find that strengthen and preserves them.

Finally, balls, theatres, etc., if indulged in too frequently, weaken the eyesight, on account of excessive glare of light there is in every place of entertainment, whether private or public.

If your eyes are already tired and weak, however, there are several remedies that will relieve them. To bathe them constantly with sage tea, for instance. Keep a glassful on your desk or writing-table, and with a corner of your linen pocket-handkerchief bathe your eyes from time to time.

Strong green tea is equally efficacious, and may be more easily obtained. This wash, indeed, is used by many foreign ladies to make the eyebrows of a darker tinge than the rest of the face, which innocent little ruse helps to make the eyes look larger and brighter. Fleurs-de-lys, also, soaked for four hours in boiling water, make an excellent wash to strengthen weak and tired eyes.

Rosemary and rosewater, soaked for a week together, produce another good remedy. Finally, to rub the eyebrows with arnica and water (equal portions) is most beneficial, and makes them thick.

Correspondence.

ARK, (Davies, Ill.)—Excessive perspiration of the hands may be checked by bathing them occasionally in a weak solution of alum water.

M. A., (Rice, Minn.)—If you do not think enough of the man to marry him, tell him so, but in as kindly a manner as possible. If he is a reasonable being, he cannot fail to see that you are right in refusing his suit, and will not urge you to change your decision.

G. S. T., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—All attempts to practice on and excite the nerves in weak and "nervous" people must be injurious. The most delicate of silken fibres are not so sensitive as the nerves: we should therefore advise delicately-constituted people to beware of mesmerism.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We do not care to discuss the subject, but wine was not a necessity of life in Judea, water is. Wine is much less necessary there than here; it is too heating there. Even animal food is not a necessity in hot climates, where people live well on rice and other grain, and yet our Saviour ate meat and drank wine.

ELLENAR, (Ontario, N. Y.)—You seem to be unreasonably jealous, and disposed to believe what other people say of your sweetheart rather than take his own word. He has just cause to be angry with you for making the accusations you did in your letter. Continue your correspondence, and take no notice of what other people say to you about him.

CONSTANT, (Baltimore, Md.)—Your dislike to your future husband is a mere love-qualm. Be married, and before a week has passed you will love him more dearly than ever. Those things we have not, we consider precious. Your lover is too kind, constant, and fond—hence you overlook his merits. Poor fellow! instead of advising you, we should tell him to plague you.

FOLLY, (Lincoln, Kans.)—1. There is no specified time for a lady and gentleman to be acquainted before becoming engaged; but it were well for young people if they would always take as long time as they know how before plighting their troths. 2. If the young man is right in every other respect you should not allow a disparity of three years between your ages to stand in the way of your future happiness.

ANTI, (Rutherford, Kans.)—We disagree with you as to vaccination. Think over the matter. It only brings concealed impurities to the surface: and the story you relate is founded on the prejudice of the parents. Forty years ago, nine men and women out of ten were seamed and pitted with "variola" (small-pox.) Hundreds and thousands were blind wholly, or had lost one eye, some were twisted or lamed, and thousands died every year of the scourge. Since Jenner discovered this remedy, it has saved more lives than have been thrown away in all the wars of Napoleon, the Crimea, or this country. The disease has nearly gone out, and might perhaps entirely cease but for the deep-rooted prejudices of some. Ask any old doctor about it.

JEANNETTE, (Warren, Pa.)—According to your statement, your betrothed is behaving very unhandsomely towards you. And yet it is not impossible that he is sincere and intends to do what is right. Perhaps if you should treat him as indifferently as you say he has treated you, it would wake him out of his lethargy, and lead him to act in a more lover-like way. There is now and then a man who, when he thinks he is perfectly sure of a woman's love, will fail to treat her with that courtesy and affection to which she is entitled. Such a man requires to be shaken out of his conceited sense of security by being made to feel that he may possibly lose the prize of which he has felt sure.

DUNCAN M., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Celts and the Bretons are people of the Aryan or Indo-European family, who, in pre-historic times, passed over from Asia into Europe. It is supposed that they were among the first of the Aryan tribes that migrated from the original habitat of that people. According to tradition they played a conspicuous part in Europe and Asia for several centuries before the dawn of authentic history. The most marked and distinct types of the Celts are now found in Wales, Ireland, and the Scottish Highlands. The Anglo-Saxons were the Teutonic or ancient German people, who, in the fifth and sixth centuries, passed over from the territory in and near the Danish peninsula to the island of Britain, then recently abandoned by the Romans. Green's "Short History of the English People," and the works to which it refers, would give you about all there is known of the Celts, the Bretons and the Anglo-Saxons.

ENQUIRER, (Caroline, Va.)—There is a great difference of opinion among the most eminent engineers in regard to the question you ask, viz., the practicability of establishing a sea in the great desert of Sahara. It is argued that, supposing the sea to be created by means of a canal, it will lose an enormous quantity of water by evaporation every day, without the introduction of an equal volume of fresh water. The water, being replaced by a supply coming through the canal, the whole body will soon reach the maximum of saturation; and thus, the evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt will be formed, which, in time, must fill up the whole space of the interior sea—the salinity of the water being such that no animal life would be possible in it, and the ultimate result being simply the accumulation of an immense deposit of salt. On the other hand, the projectors of the enterprise claim that the presence of this water, and its evaporation, must produce copious rains, which will in large measure return into the sea, and thus not only accomplish the object referred to, but also convert a sterile waste into a fertile country.

ROSE, (Luzerne, Pa.)—You ask us to give our opinion on marriages where there is a great disparity in the ages of the persons marrying. If you would consult back numbers of THE POST we are sure you should find all that we can say on the subject. But as this may be inconvenient, let us explain here that, in our opinion, the old man who marries a young girl does not do a very wise thing, and his bride risks her happiness and very often loses it. Yet there is a certain beauty in the admiring protection of the husband, and whatever her disappointment may be, in nine cases out of ten she keeps her own secret. Her romance may be dormant, but affection is very strong in women, and she may be fond and proud of a very old man who retains his faculties and emotions and loves her well. But of the old woman who marries a young man, what can we say, what can we think? In such a union there can be neither dignity nor beauty. The man's motive is usually a mercenary one, and the woman is simply his dupe. The clergyman who performs the marriage ceremony knows this at the altar; the friends who go to church to see them married feel this acutely.